

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

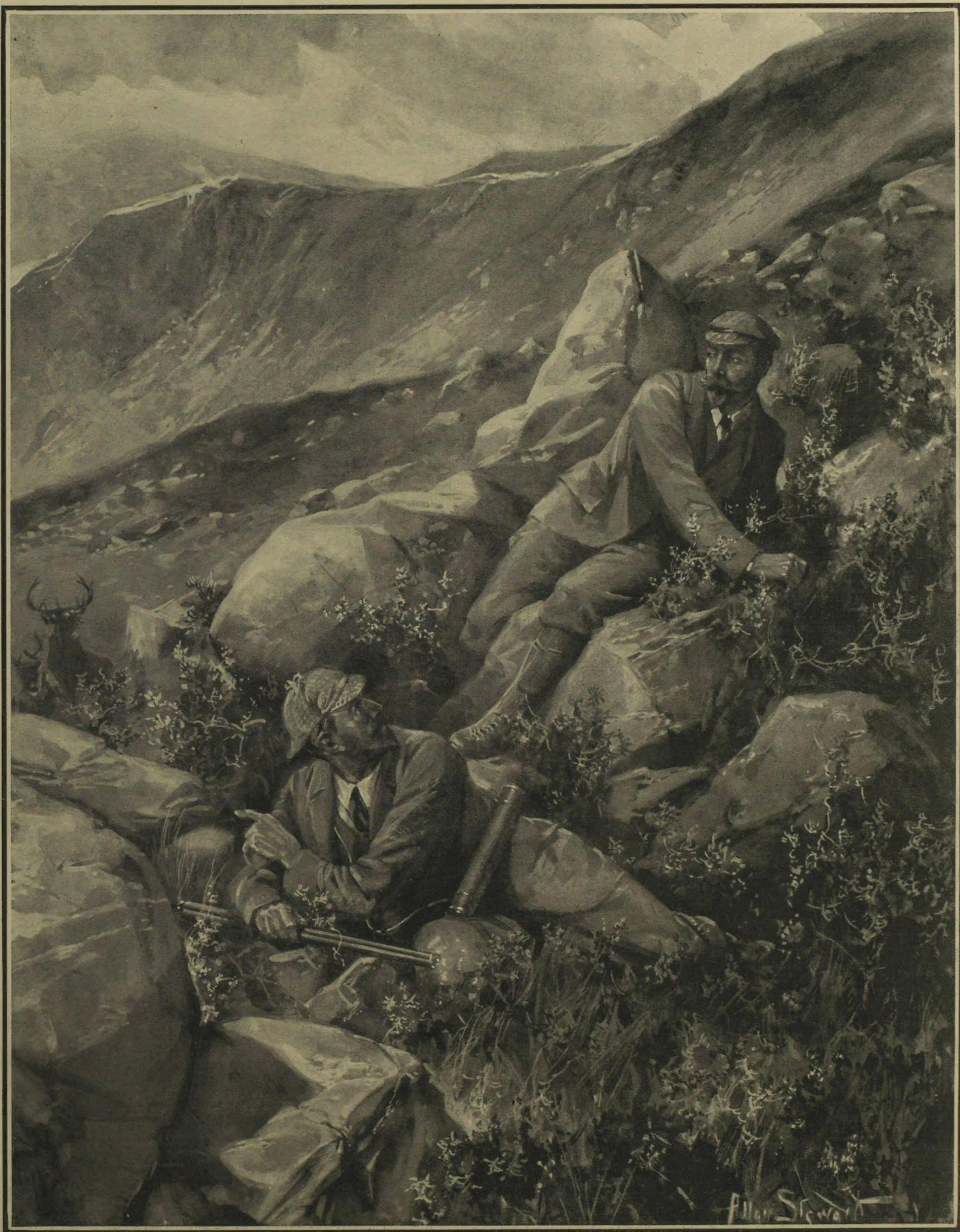
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SIXPENCE.

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THE PRINCE'S HIGHLAND HOLIDAY: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS DEER-STALKING ON DEESIDE.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT ABERGELDIE.

The Prince and Princess of Wales, with their children, are at present staying at Abergeldie, and his Royal Highness has been enjoying deer-stalking in the forests of Deeside. It was rumoured that the young Princes were to begin shooting this year, but we have the highest authority for saying that the report is incorrect.

## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT is one of the journalist's tragedies that whenever he introduces a thing purely as an impossibility, somebody writes to say that it really occurred. If I use a foolish metaphor at random I generally receive two letters—one complaining that the thing is too violent and absurd, the other saying that it happened to the writer's aunt. My wild phrases are quite tame; they have been domesticated for centuries. This is pathetic and sometimes almost disheartening. Suppose I say (as I most certainly do say), "The statement that wine is wicked is to me exactly as unmeaning as the statement that linoleum is wicked." I suppose that I have made a flippant but at least a clear and emphatic statement of my views; and I go to bed. Next morning I receive a letter from the secretary of the Young Saints' Anti-Linoleum League," regretting my sneer at the great moral movement which has arisen to destroy a deleterious and unnecessary fabric. Suppose I say (as I think I did say) "To wear an eyeglass in one eye seems to me as ridiculous as to wear a boot on one leg." What is the consequence? The consequence is that "Lady Maudie" in "Bond Street Gossip" says that if I were really acquainted with the latest things and the best people, I should know that our smartly dressed men, this season, *are* wearing a boot on one leg. Suppose I say that such and such a thing will happen when pigs fly: a man writes to tell me that South Tasmanian pigs are already wagging little tiny wings, and signs himself "Evolutionist." Suppose I say that this or that happens once in a blue moon: the Astronomer Royal will instantly assert (with the brazen falsehood of physical science) that all moons are blue. However wild I make my fictitious examples, the truth is always wilder. It does not seem possible to keep up with the exuberant idiocy of things as they really are to-day. Whatever occurs to me as ridiculous has always occurred to somebody else as wise.

This does not merely rest on fantastic words: there have been real examples of it. The extravagant idolatry of the Colonies at the expense of England, which has always irritated ordinary and instinctive patriots, once moved me to a phrase that even as I used it I felt to be extravagant and unfair. I said that this kind of Imperialist did not favour England's giving up her Colonies, but he might favour her Colonies' giving up England. A little while afterwards, Mr. Bernard Shaw, defending Imperialism with perfect sincerity and clarity, said that the British Empire might find it worth while to cede the British Isles to Germany. Again, it has often happened that I have argued with an intelligent atheist and have said, "By the same arguments by which you doubt God's existence you could doubt your own existence." And the unhappy man has said, quite simply and with a heart-breaking fair-mindedness, "I do doubt my own existence." The thing is, in a manner, a lesson in charity. Let us never mention anything as a mere inconceivability—as something that literally cannot be entertained by the human mind. The mind is an infinity, even if it is an infinity of nonsense. The mind of man is divine, even in the unfathomable nature of its darkness. Men can think of anything seriously, however absurd it is. Men can believe anything, even the truth.

Here is a case of the thing that has just recently occurred. A lawyer who remembers that haunt of exhilarating eloquence, the old Irish Bar, the Bar which was made brilliant by O'Connell and by Isaac Butt, has written me an interesting letter touching an idle paragraph of mine in this page, in which I spoke (foolishly enough) of the danger of coughing or otherwise making a noise outside the Court of Justice. I was commenting on the case of a Judge who objected to loud hammering on a roof. When I introduced the imaginary case of coughing, it was merely for the sake of an astonishingly feeble joke. But from my friend the Irish lawyer I learn that there actually was a Judge who did treat coughing in this arbitrary way. There was a considerable amount of it in court in the earlier stages of a sitting at Limerick, and the Judge said with sudden ferocity that he would "commit for contempt of court the first man who coughed again." One has a certain respect for a man who invents a new crime. But the act of coughing may almost be considered as semi-voluntary. It would be very awkward if a Judge applied the same principle to sneezing.

The only importance of the matter lies in a slight but real risk attaching to our English way of managing these things. There is an idea current that the English people dislike despotism and personal government. This is a mistake. What the English dislike is efficient government; and I for one think they are quite right. The despotism which the English destroyed; the despotism like that of Russia or (in another way) of the Caesars, was not really the despotism of one man; it was not really the despotism of a despot. It was the despotism of a machine; the actual autocrat was a kind of organising secretary. It is not the Tsar that rules Russia; it is the Tsardom that

rules Russia. And in Rome it was generally not the Imperator who ruled the world, but the Imperium. This is what the English dislike; this is what the English destroyed—a strong mechanical central government. But the English do not dislike personal government—that is, being ordered about by a person; they do not dislike it enough. Far too much of the actual government of England really is personal government. Far too much of our management really is paternal despotism. The control of the millions of poor by the policeman really is paternal despotism; sometimes more despotic than paternal. What we call the common sense of our Judges, the way in which they mould the law to fit special occasions; the way in which an English Judge will become often a kind of benevolent opportunist; all this may be a good thing. But it is paternal despotism. The real distinction probably is that while Frenchmen or Germans prefer to be bullied by a system, we feel that, if we must be bullied, it is more home-like to be bullied by a human being. The Prussian popular tyrant is the man like Frederick the Great, who moves millions of men with an inhuman harmony. The English popular tyrant is the King in the old ballads who condemns a man to death for a blunder, and then makes him Prime Minister for a joke. The English popular tyrant is the squire in the country tales, who puts a man in the stocks one minute, and gives him his daughter the next. The Prussian and the Frenchman say, "If we must have a tyrant, let him be an orderly and calculable tyrant." The English cry out from the depths of their rich humour and humanity, "If we must have a tyrant, for God's sake let him be a capricious tyrant."

Now, this national bent of ours which we carry to excess, as all nations do when they have such special characteristics, comes out in thousands of things; comes out, indeed, in almost everything. And among other things it comes out in the peculiar position of our Judges; in their tone, habits, and view of their office. Some people are always complaining of the joking Judge. I do not mind him myself: the joking Judge is often only like the joking schoolmaster; he is often only a weary and exasperated man endeavouring to remain sane. But in so far as the joking Judge is a public nuisance, the man who is to blame is not the Judge, but the journalist; and the world-wide and wildly unnecessary importance which journalism gives to the unhappy jokes of the unhappy Judge is merely a symptom of this English love for the personal and perverse autocrat. The joking Judge is merely one phase of the individual Judge. His personality is in every way important, and as his good humour becomes important, so his bad humour becomes important. These little nervous outbreaks, such as that of the Judge who did not like hammers and the Judge who did not like coughing, become things to be considered and discouraged, because they are the outbreaks of a highly individual kind of power. If a Judge imprisons a man for coughing, there seems no reason why he should not go much further. In fact, the Judge at Limerick (of whom my legal correspondent writes) did go much further. He got himself at last into such inextricable tangle of temper that he committed a man to prison for stuttering, and another man for trying to explain that the first man stuttered. But I do not see why a Judge with a rich English individuality need stop at this. Coughing is a thing that gets on the nerves; but so do waistcoats. Will a Judge, some fine morning, imprison a man for having a vivid and inharmonious waistcoat? A stuttering man may be unpleasant; so may an ugly man. A cabman of my acquaintance called out to an omnibus conductor in the course of some long arabesque of irony: "You'll be 'ad up afore the beak and the beak 'ull say, 'Hi don't want no bloomin' evidence. Hi don't want no bloomin' witnesses. Take the pore bloke away and give 'im six months for bein' so bloomin' ugly."

The cabman had a literary style on which I model my own; and the cabman, like myself, imagined that he was using a fantastic phrase, and one belonging rather to the realm of poetry than to that of real life. But as I said at the beginning of this article, the things that we mention as fancies are always turning up as facts. And if Judges are encouraged to let loose their personalities in this present fashion, we may all live to see the day when a Judge in a generous aesthetic passion will give a man six months for being so blooming ugly. Some distinguished legal gentlemen will be in serious danger.

The whole point is, however, not that our Judges have a personal power, but that the whole world around them, the newspapers, the tone of opinion, encourage them to use it in a very personal way. In our legal method there is too much lawyer and too little law. For we must never forget one fact, which we tend to forget nevertheless: that a fixed rule is the only protection of ordinary humanity against clever men—who are the natural enemies of humanity. A dogma is the only safeguard of democracy. The law is our only barrier against lawyers. In the same way, the Prayer-Book is our only defence against clergymen.

## THE HEAT-WAVE.

IT is difficult to believe that sun-spots have anything to do with it—Scotland surely has as much right to claim the sun-spots as we have. Yet we in London were painfully conscious of the heat-wave, and read thirstily of what was happening across the Border.

On the west coast of Scotland one hears nothing but grumbling about the weather. For nine weeks in succession it has been either too wet or too cold for any kind of outdoor enjoyment. One or two days in the Highlands has been sufficient for most holiday-makers, so they have come drifting back southwards, leaving the northern hotels desolate. They met the heat-wave somewhere about Carlisle.

Saturday last—the opening day of the football season—broke a record. Never for sixty-eight years has so high a temperature been registered during September, though in August 1876 it rose to 96, or three degrees higher, in the shade. Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday each had shade temperatures of over 90 degrees. No such sequence of temperatures has ever been recorded so late in the year.

The wave really began as a succession of ripples somewhere about the end of July or the beginning of August. The 1st of August found London with a maximum temperature of 77 degrees in the shade. This was the beginning of the first heat-ripple, which reached its climax on the next day, when the temperature was 84 degrees. The ripple ran back for two or three days, then a fresh one came on which took us up to 84 degrees on the eighth day. After that the heat came more as a wave than a ripple, for, after slowly subsiding for about ten days, it steadily ran up until on the 22nd it had reached 86 degrees. Before this wave had time to run back lower than 70 degrees, the present wave had caught it up, and it has risen higher and higher until the extraordinary temperature of the last week-end began to crowd the hospitals.

It has been described as a dry heat, and dry heat is much less oppressive than damp heat. The oppression has been there, none the less. A permanent haze has hovered above all the roads, almost resembling a mist, but distinctly yellow in colour. This was undoubtedly due to fine dust, probably thrown up to a great extent by motor-buses and other heavy motor-vehicles. This, no doubt, accounts for the curious absence of sunburn. Of course, many faces are to be seen in the streets bearing traces of the action of the sun, but these are nearly all caused by holidays, and not by London sunlight.

The Trinity House men discovered long ago that their faces might be just as badly "sun-burned" by electric light acting over snow as by the direct rays of the sun. Noticing that the men who were freckled suffered less than the others, they made themselves veils of the brownish tint of the freckles, and so preserved their skins from the violent effects of the lights with which they were working.

The yellow haze over London seems to have had a similar effect to that of the freckle-coloured veil. Certainly the ladies do not seem to find so much use for parasols as in former seasons.

Beyond the heat-wave there has been a sunshine-wave. London has had nearly two hours per day more direct sunlight during this last August than its average allowance for that month. Taine's description of an English summer as consisting of three fine days and a thunderstorm has usually been considered pretty accurate. We have had more than the three fine days, so we may expect, a little later on, more than the usual thunderstorm.

FRANK T. ADDYMAN.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

## THE "WINTER'S TALE" AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

TO dwell on the sunset glory and serenity of Shakspere's genius, as it is exhibited in his comedy of the "Winter's Tale," to comment on the benevolent optimism with which the poet, grown kind with years, here rounds off happily a story of frenzied passion and unmerited suffering, to analyse the psychology of Leontes' morbid and insensate jealousy, to wax enthusiastic over the idyllic charm of the play's pastoral scenes, in which Perdita's refreshing innocence and Autolycus's droll knavery make so piquant a contrast—all this might be a very pleasing task as a preliminary to the discussion of Mr. Tree's latest Shaksperean revival. It must be enough to say that by a generally wise disposition of the various rôles, including the engagement of Ellen Terry as Hermione, by a neat arrangement of the text, which, thanks to the telescoping of the first three acts, gives coherence and increased dramatic intensity to the scenes of Leontes' infatuation, and by a setting of the tale that is as tasteful as it is magnificent—Mr. Tree has contrived to secure a presentation which brings out all the beauties of the play even more significantly than did that provided by Miss Mary Anderson nineteen years ago, when Mr. Forbes-Robertson was the Leontes to her Hermione and Perdita. The one serious disappointment in the present revival is Mr. Somerset's Autolycus, a grim, dry, low-comedy performance, lacking the essential qualities of youthfulness and high spirits; and the only other fault that can be urged against the representation at His Majesty's is an undeniable slowness of pace. As for the Hermione, the repose that belongs to that character is scarcely to be expected from the buoyant personality of Miss Ellen Terry: but the actress is delightfully natural in the Queen's passage with the boy Mamillius; she shows quiet dignity and appealing pathos in the trial-scene, and her whole rendering is instinct with gracious womanliness. A certain exuberance of gesture and a rather staccato style of diction must be allowed for in Mr. Charles Warner's impersonation of Leontes, but otherwise it is a splendid study in crazy jealousy which exercises an overpowering, almost a painful influence on the nerves of spectators.

Quite charming, again, are the Florizel and Perdita of Mr. Basil Gill and Miss Viola Tree—Mr. Gill ideally gallant and ardent; Miss Tree too little the Princess possibly, but exquisitely radiant and girlish. Not should Mrs. Tree's fine declamation in the rôle of the indignant Paulina be overlooked; nor the resonant rhetoric of Mr. Julius Knight as Polixenes and Mr. Lynn Harding as Camillo. Rarely indeed has a Shakespearian production of Mr. Tree's been so thoroughly enjoyable as this of "The Winter's Tale," while on the costumes, both classical and mediæval, and on the scenery, whether of Court or countryside, it would be difficult to be too eulogistic.

#### "TODDLES." AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S.

It seems possible that at length, in a play quite unworthy of his powers, but still, on the whole, not unamusing, Mr. Cyril Maude has recaptured the favour of capricious Fortune. The play is a three-act farce adapted from the French of MM. Tristan Bernard and André Godfernaux, and the English version bears the undignified title of "Toddlers." Its titular character is a fatuous and vacillating young peer whose impecuniousness demands that he shall make a wealthy marriage, and whose fate it is to be surrounded by a disagreeable set of interested persons all seeking to make profit out of his embarrassments. A titled dame who is by way of being a professional matchmaker works hard to arrange an alliance between Toddlers and Constance Joblyn, the daughter of rich parvenus; another claimant has already brought about an engagement between the poor wretch and his five-year-old girl cousin; and Toddlers is also pursued by a widow. The humour of the play depends on the hero's hopeless incapacity for making up his mind; and one of the play's drollest situations is that in which his little fiancée's mother steals his trousers from his bedroom to prevent his keeping an appointment to marry Constance. There is fun also of a boisterous sort at the civil wedding scene, at which an irascible French Maire is kept waiting, and the bridegroom at length turns up in overcoat and pyjamas; but the really redeeming feature of the piece is a pretty passage of comedy in which the young pair discover a mutual attachment. Rather invertebrate parts are made the most of by players of such merit as Mr. Alfred Bishop, Miss Lottie Venne, Miss Gertrude Kingston, and Miss Nancy Price; but it is Mr. Cyril Maude's display of comic distress which will win the new Duke of York's programme any success.

#### ART NOTES.

THE death of Alfred Stevens has extinguished a rare talent. A genius has not gone from us, but something so near to genius that we must lament the loss with almost as full a feeling as when the late Belgian's English namesake, undoubtedly of the higher order, died. The exquisite quality of Stevens's talent was demonstrated at the recently closed Guildhall Exhibition, where few could fail to admire his perfect mastery of his medium. Each canvas of his was the expression of that delicate ease which is so attractive a quality in any art. The elaborate details of a Continental drawing-room, its carpets, its gilding, its brocades, and even the more barbarous features of the modern interior did but give the opportunity that proved how the artist may triumph where he will. And the people of his rooms, how charming! The upholstery of his furniture was nought to the silks and satins of his ladies, whom he endowed with a grace and, more, a distinction, that have never been excelled in work of this same class. Another painter of decided attainments has passed away in the person of James Charles, whose landscapes, from time to time exhibited at the New English Art Club, were much admired by both Mr. Clausen and Mr. La Thangue.

An exhibition of the photographs of Mrs. Cameron at the offices of the *British Journal of Photography* is yet another compliment paid to the memory of the most excellent of all photographers. Such a title may assuredly be given to this lady, friend of Tennyson, of Sir Henry Taylor, and of many of the men of finest brain and countenances of Victorian fame. She was lucky in her sitters. Tennyson, of whom she is said to have made some fifty fine portraits, was a splendid subject, but sometimes difficult as a professional beauty to satisfy; while Joachim, G. F. Watts, Browning, Carlyle, Darwin, and many another looked into the eye of her camera. That she so educated that eye, and so instructed it with a noble insight into the secrets of fine portraiture, is one of the mysteries of mechanism. Her series of portraits remains as a most valuable record of the looks of those whom it is well to be able to see after the passing of four-score-seven years. A screen of her works would be no mean addition to the National Portrait Gallery. Tennyson looks no less the Laureate in her photographs than in Watts's portrait, and Watts himself no less the Titian of the nineteenth century than he does in his portrayal of himself.

A story of the refusal of Maurice Rollinat's family to put upon the dead poet's grave a marble group by Rodin is surprising, for, since the rejection of the great sculptor's "Balzac," the admission of his genius has been all but universal. It is said that the parish priest of the village where lived Rollinat has come forward and offered the marble a home within his church. A wise and fortunate cleric many a collector will doubtless dub him. And his action will probably be doubly commended by future generations; no work so subtle as Rodin's, depending not a little on the very outer skin of its marble, should be exposed to the ravages of the elements. Ten years ago, Mr. Colton's charming fountain was erected on the edge of the Serpentine, in Hyde Park. To-day the water-nymph's face is disfigured almost out of recognition; one eyelid has crumbled away, and the nose's outline has suffered a weather change. Thanks, then, to the

prejudice that kept Rodin's "Poet and his Muse" out of wind and rain, and to the priest who has given it sanctuary!

Certain to be full of contradictions are any six reports of the colour of great departed eyes. The unobservant observer will always clash, in this particular, with some other equally unobserving one when memoirs and biographies come to be written. Thus a great responsibility rests with the portrait-painter, through whom it seems fairly established that Mary Stuart, for instance, had eyes of hazel colour. Mr. Andrew Lang, in writing on the iconography of the Queen, forgot to mention those hazel eyes as one of the proofs of the authenticity of the much-discussed Leven and Melville portrait. But not so the *Athenæum*'s reviewer, who, "while there was no intention of suggesting that it was from any improper motive that Mr. Lang did not mention the colour of the eyes," shows his zeal for the memory of the unfortunate Queen by insisting that her eyes shall not be overlooked. It would indeed be ill to let slip our knowledge of an historical detail so romantic and so pathetic. For those eyes, like Charles' "the axe's edge did try."

The Royal Academy of Arts has issued to its members a report on the recent exhibition at Burlington House. Portions of this report come unretarded to the public, but the secrets of the more confidential paragraphs are well kept. Never to be divulged, it seems, are the figures that would reveal the number of the yearly visitors to the Academy. A newspaper will vaunt its circulation, a theatre its audience, a football club its crowd, but Burlington House seems ever to be ashamed of the shillings that are absorbed at its turnstiles and in the purchase of its catalogues. Nor is it made easy for us to know the total amount realised by the sale of works of art at the Royal Academy. It is perhaps less glorious to derive wealth from ignorant shillings than from the more considerate cheque of the buyer of pictures. It may be known, however, that 11,789 works were submitted to the Selecting Committee in 1906, as against 11,153 of the previous year. Something like a record was established in 1901, before the rules restricting the number of works to be sent in by each artist were in force; 14,353 were then submitted for approval.

W. M.

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Mr. Tree's Twelfth Shakespearean production,

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## THE WORLD'S NEWS.

**The Kaiser's Grandson.** On Wednesday week last the infant son of the German Crown Prince and Crown Princess was christened in the New Palace at Potsdam. All the principal Courts of Europe were represented, and there was a considerable gathering of German royal personages. Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein stood sponsor on behalf of King Edward, and the royal baby received the names of Wilhelm Friedrich Franz Josef Christian Olaf. Members of the Diplomatic Corps present included Sir Frank Lascelles, our Ambassador to Germany, who came specially from Homburg to Berlin to attend the ceremony.

## The Premier's Bereavement.

Lady Campbell-Bannerman, wife of the Premier, died at Marienbad last Thursday week after a long illness. For some years past the deceased lady had been in bad health, and it is said that Sir Henry only accepted his responsible position at her request, as she was anxious that her illness should not affect his political career. Sarah Charlotte Campbell-Bannerman was a daughter of Major-General Sir Charles Bruce, K.C.B., some time Governor of Portsmouth, and was married in 1860. She was a woman of wide culture, and played no small part in her husband's political career, displaying an acquaintance with many phases of political life and thought. Her knowledge of France was intimate: she was a student of French literature and a collector of old French furniture; and she impressed all who met her with a sense of her intellect and personal charm. King Edward, who is staying at Marienbad, sent an autograph letter of condolence to the Premier, and attended a service in the Protestant Chapel on Saturday last, placing a memorial wreath at the foot of the coffin when the service came to an end. The remains of the late Lady Campbell-Bannerman were brought to London on Sunday, and conveyed to the Prime Minister's official residence, No. 10, Downing Street. On Monday the journey was resumed to Meigle, in Perthshire, the Premier's country seat, and the funeral took place on Wednesday at two o'clock, when a memorial service was held at St. Margaret's, Westminster. Queen Alexandra has sent a long message of condolence from Norway, and expressions of sympathy and regret are universal.

## Portraits.

The King has approved of the appointment of the Dean of Ely, the Very Rev. Dr. Stubbs, to the Bishopric of Truro, in succession to the Right Rev. John Gott, deceased. Dr. Stubbs, who is a liberal High Churchman, and a man whose literary interests are wide, was born in 1845. He was educated at the Royal Institution School in Liverpool, and obtained an Exhibition at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, where he took his degree in 1868. He reached the Deanery of Ely by way of Sheffield, Granborough in Buckinghamshire, Stokenham, and Wavertree. He has been Select Preacher at Oxford, Cambridge, and Harvard Universities, and Lady Margaret Preacher and Hulsean Lecturer at Cambridge. His published works are many, and he is to read a paper on Socialism at the coming Church Congress. The Dean is the father of six sons and two daughters. The new Bishop's remarkable pulpit-gifts will be especially welcome in Cornwall. As a preacher he has many points in common with the first Bishop of Truro, the late Archbishop Benson, and like him he is keenly interested in the welfare of the working classes. Among Dr. Stubbs' most recent writings are the group of sonnets on Shakspere's heroines which he has contributed this year to the *Westminster Gazette*.

Mr. George William John Repton, who died on Aug. 30, was the only son of the late Mr. George Stanley Repton. His mother was the eldest daughter of the first Earl of Eldon, the famous Lord Chancellor. He was born in Norfolk Street, Park Lane, on Dec. 26, 1818. He was educated at University College, Oxford, and afterwards went into Parliament, where he represented St. Albans and Warwick.

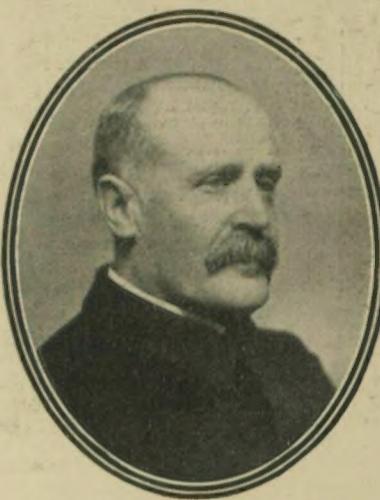


Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE MR. W. SPENCER WALTON,  
Founder of the South African General Mission.

Professor Brander Matthews, of Columbia University, is one of the most ardent advocates of spelling-reform. As a scientific philologist, however, he knows perfectly well that President Roosevelt's decree cannot effect any sudden alteration. Professor Matthews is a native of New Orleans. He was born in 1852, and is a graduate of Columbia College. He studied law, but afterwards devoted himself to literature, and in 1891 he was appointed to a chair in the English Department of Columbia University. He was one of the founders of the American Copyright League.

Mr. W. Spencer Walton, who died last week at Tonbridge, was the founder of the South African General Mission. He spent fifteen years in South Africa, and during the war he served as a missioner to the troops. He was with General Sir Redvers Buller at Colenso, and was the first civilian to enter Ladysmith after the siege. In the field he had many narrow escapes from death. In recognition of his work during the war, the Government conferred on him the medal for active service.

The Rev. George Matheson, D.D., LL.D., the blind poet-preacher of Edinburgh, died suddenly at North Berwick on Aug. 29. Dr. Matheson was born in Glasgow in 1842. He was educated at Glasgow Academy and at the University, where he took triple honours. While he was a student his sight failed, but he went on to prepare himself for the ministry, and studied theology under Dr. John Caird. In 1866 he took the degree of B.D., and was licensed as a probationer of the Church of Scotland. A year later he was ordained to the church of Innellan. In 1879 Edinburgh University gave him the

position. It is a curious fact that Kent owes her place to the defeat of Yorkshire by Gloucestershire at Bristol last month, when the Western team won by the narrowest possible margin—one run. Kent occupies her present proud position for the first time, but it is thoroughly well deserved, for the hop county has played a very fine part in the history of the national game. Time was when Kent and Hampshire were the home of cricket, in days when there were no county

matches, no "gates," and no professionals. Kent has always held an honoured place in cricket, and has boasted some of the finest batsmen and bowlers. Mr. Marsham has made an admirable captain, and the batting of Burnup and Hutchings, and the bowling of Fielder and Blythe have done much to make the county's fine record of sixteen victories, four drawn games, and only two defeats. Yorkshire suffered three

Photo. Elliott and Fry.

DR. BRANDER MATTHEWS,  
Spelling-Reformer.

defeats, and Surrey, though beaten four times, gains special distinction from Hayward's great achievement.

## Mr. Long and Sir Antony MacDonnell.

The dullness of the Parliamentary vacation has been brightened by the publication of a rather acrid correspondence between Mr. Walter Long, who succeeded Mr. George Wyndham as Secretary of State for Ireland in the late Unionist Cabinet, and Sir Antony MacDonnell, the hard-hitting, tenacious Under-Secretary. Nobody quite knows why Sir Antony went to Ireland; why he remained there after the famous "devolution" business had received its deathblow, and why Mr. Walter Long did not appoint a new Under-Secretary when he went to Dublin Castle armed with complete authority. "There were reasons," says Mr. Walter Long, "good reasons"; but Unionists are politely requested not to bother about them. Then there are letters that nobody seems specially anxious to bring to light. Sir Antony says they are connected with "the unsuccessful attempt to deprive him of office in 1904-5." The whole question of political dealings with Ireland since 1904 is very obscure, and men of all shades of political opinion will be glad to see a little light thrown upon a question that is of the deepest interest and first importance to the country at large.

## Russian Anarchy.

Mutiny, theft, murder, and pillage make up the story from Russia, where the authorities and revolutionaries are fighting to the bitter end, neither giving quarter nor demanding it. Warsaw has been "driven" by a combined force of police and soldiery, who have made large captures of suspects. General Von Larliarski, the late Acting Military Governor-General, who was murdered last week, has been accorded a public funeral through streets in which the houses were closed, while the Cossacks and police who rode before the hearse kept their fingers on the triggers of their weapons. Elsewhere, at Grodno, Sevastopol, Riga, Lodz, and other cities too numerous to mention, the revolutionaries have the upper hand, and outrages are of daily occurrence. The Russian newspapers tell endless tales of wanton destruction of life and property, and report a widening of the area in which the peasants are taking the law into their own hands. There is a rumour that M. Stolypin will retire, and that the Tsar will establish a military dictatorship; but it is at least unlikely that any settled policy obtains at Peterhof just now. Reactionaries and reformers are offering their panaceas to a bewildered ruler.

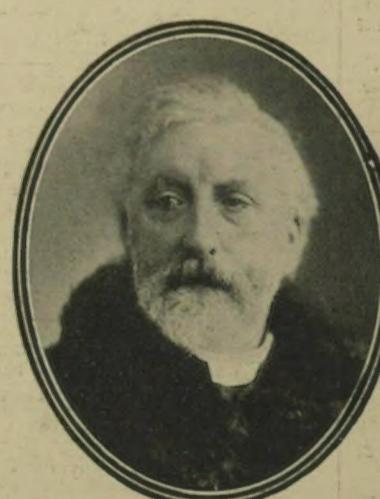
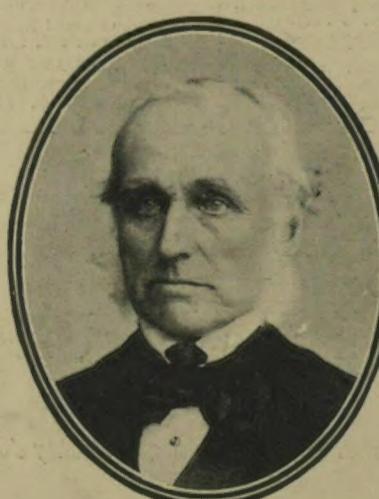
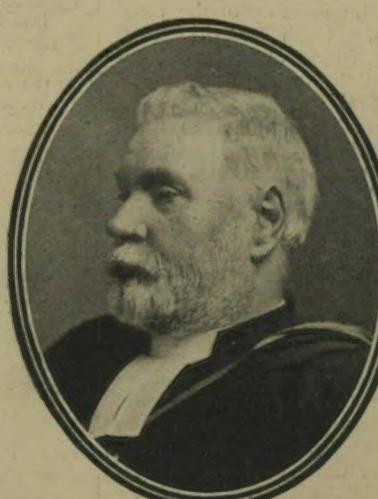
## A Constitution for China!

Russia is still a considerable Asiatic power, and her career is followed with keen interest by the powers that rule in Asia. Scarcely has the surprise occasioned by the Shah's rescript passed away, when the Emperor of China enters the ranks of the rulers who realise that they must look to the foundations of their house. An Imperial Edict tells the Chinese people that the existing laws and political system have become antiquated, and that the country is always in trouble. "Therefore it is necessary for Us to gather more knowledge and draw up a new code of laws, otherwise we shall be unworthy of the trust of our forefathers and our people." A Constitution is promised as soon as the people have been sufficiently educated to understand their relation to the Government.

Photo. Topical.  
TERRORISTS' VICTIMS: THE WOUNDED STOLYPIN CHILDREN, WITH THEIR PARENTS AND SISTERS.

The Russian Premier's two children who were frightfully mutilated by the bomb explosion on August 25 are indicated in the photograph by crosses.

degree of D.D.; in 1880 he declined an invitation to succeed Dr. Cumming in London. In 1881 he was Baird Lecturer. From 1886 to 1899 he was minister of

Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
THE VERY REV. DR. GEORGE MATHESON,  
Blind Poet-Preacher of Edinburgh.Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
THE LATE MR. G. W. J. REPTON,  
Ex-M.P. for Warwick.Photo. Elliott and Fry.  
THE LATE REV. DR. GEORGE MATHESON,  
Blind Poet-Preacher of Edinburgh.

the parish of St. Bernard's, Edinburgh. He wrote numerous theological works, and many of his hymns are famous. The best known, perhaps, is "O love that will not let me go."

After some splendidly contested matches, in which the interest was maintained to the end, the county cricket season of 1906 has come to a close, and Kent is at the head of the county list. The honour will not be grudged either by Yorkshire, who came so near to the first place, or by Surrey, who takes the third

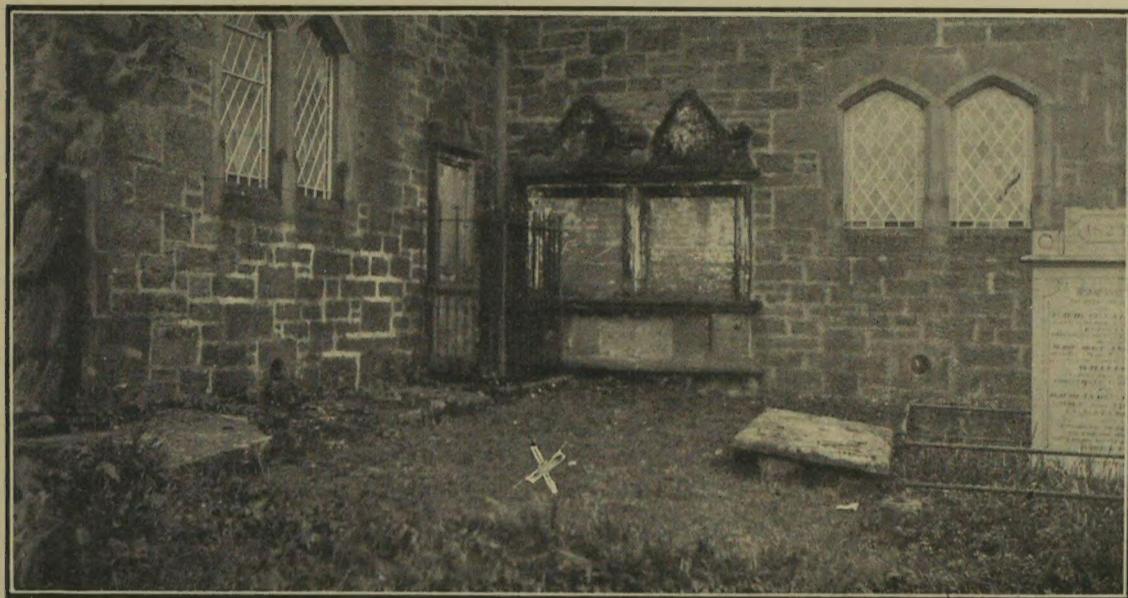


LADY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN ON HER LAST JOURNEY: THE PREMIER'S WIFE EN ROUTE FOR MARIENBAD, AUGUST 11.



Premier.  
THE PREMIER'S SAD HOME-COMING: SIR HENRY LANDING AT DOVER.

The coffin was conveyed to Downing Street until its removal to Scotland.



LADY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN'S GRAVE (X) IN MEIGLE CHURCHYARD.



LADY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN IN HEALTH.

THE PREMIER'S BEREAVEMENT: THE LATE LADY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, AND HER LAST RESTING-PLACE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU, MUNRO, SPICER, AND TOOLKY.

Lady Campbell-Bannerman was buried on September 5 in the churchyard of Meigle, near Belmont, her home in Scotland. The memorial service at Marienbad was attended by the King, who laid a beautiful wreath on the coffin.



THE BRITISH WAR MINISTER AND THE KAISER'S ARMY: MR. HALDANE SEES "NAILING THE COLOURS" AT BERLIN.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKHOEK FROM A SKETCH BY E. HOSANG.

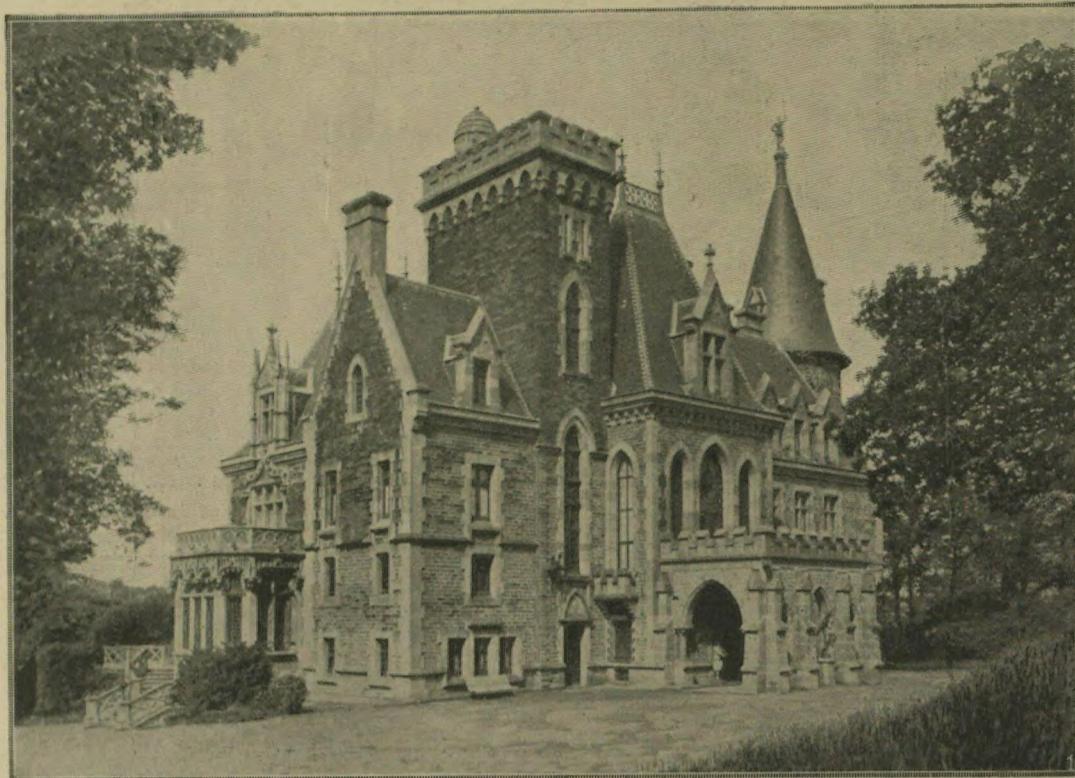
On the morning of August 30 Mr. Haldane was present when the Kaiser "nailed the colours" of several provincial regiments at the Berlin Arsenal. The ceremony was more brilliant than usual, as it was attended by many of the distinguished guests who had come to Berlin for the Royal Christening. The Kaiser drove a nail into the flag, attaching it to the staff; the Empress followed, and then the Princes according to their rank. The Crown Prince drove two nails, one for himself and one for his infant son. The ceremony closed with a short religious service.

Kaiser.

Mr. Haldane.

## THE MYSTERY OF A BLUE DIAMOND: SCANDAL IN A BRETON CASTLE.

THERE is a veritable novelle in the mystery of the blue diamond which is amusing French society and, incidentally, the French police. The scene of the affair is the Château of Ker-Stears, near Brest. The Château is the residence of the Countess de Rodellec du Porzic, and it is well known to all visitors to Brest. It was built by a local architect, M. Lapierre (a former pupil of Viollet-le-Duc, the famous archæologist), for a rich American, Mr. Stears, who called his house "Ker-Stears," *ker* being Breton for "place" or "abode." On the death of Mr. Stears, his wife, who belonged to the old Armorican family of Kerdren de Trobriand, married the Count de Rodellec du Porzic. She and her husband are the present occupants of the Castle, where they entertain a great deal. Quite recently they had among their guests M. Greger, a Russian diplomatist who had

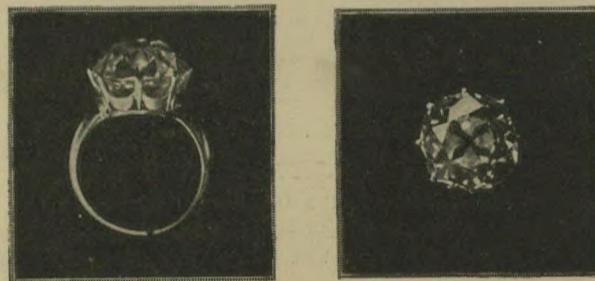


THE SCENE OF THE MYSTERY: THE CHÂTEAU OF KER-STEARS.

THE ACCUSED AND HIS WIFE:  
M. AND MME. GREGER.

formerly served as Secretary to the Embassy at Washington and at Rio de Janeiro. One evening at dinner he admired a ring that his hostess was wearing. In it was set a magnificent blue diamond, which has a history. It was once among the crown jewels in the time of Louis Philippe, and it came ultimately, no one knows how, into the possession of the Duc d'Aumale. From him it passed to the delicate finger of Mlle. Léonie Leblanc; at her sale Madame de Rodellec, then Mrs. Stears, bought it for about 50,000 francs. After dinner on the evening of Aug. 2, when M. Greger first saw the ring, the Châtelaine of Ker-Stears, who plays the piano delightfully, gave her guests some music. When she sat down to the piano she took off her jewels, two bracelets and four rings, the famous stone among them, and laid them on the top of the instrument. At the end of the evening, when the guests separated, Madame de Rodellec, noticing

that she had forgotten to put out the lamps in the drawing-room, went back, accompanied by M. Greger. He extinguished the lamps on the piano while the Countess put out one in the corner. A fourth was left burning. The Countess,

THE FAMOUS BLUE DIAMOND RING FOUND IN  
M. GREGER'S TOOTH-POWDER.

(Exact size of original.)

however, forgot to take up her jewels, which one of the servants found shortly afterwards. The maid carried them to her mistress's room. Thereupon it was discovered that the blue diamond ring had disappeared.

That is the story told by the Count and Countess de Rodellec.

The police were called in. The Central Commissary at Brest, M. Jérôme, was summoned to the Castle to investigate

the case. Suspicion fell on one person only—M. Greger. On the evening of his departure at the end of a fifteen days' visit he was formally accused. He protested stoutly, but, for all that, when his room was searched the ring was found inside a box of tooth-powder in his portmanteau. M. Greger was arrested, but was liberated on parole. He declared that he would not avail himself of his diplomatic immunity. "This terrible charge," he exclaimed, "must be thrashed out, and my innocence clearly proved." M. Greger says that the accusation is the revenge of the Count de Rodellec du Porzic. On the day of his arrival he had a long talk with the Countess, whom he advised to have her husband examined as to his sanity, and then to divorce him. He believes that the Countess told her husband of his advice. M. Greger is said to be in

THE OWNER OF THE RING: THE COUNTESS  
DE RODELLEC DU PORZIC.WHERE THE DIAMOND DISAPPEARED: THE DRAWING-ROOM OF THE CHÂTEAU  
OF KER-STEARS.

In the background is the piano on which the Countess laid her rings when she sat down to play.

financial difficulties, and to be in debt even to his wife's maid, but that, of course, is no proof of guilt. A further amusing complication of the affair is the discovery that Ker-Stears is outside M. Jérôme's jurisdiction; consequently the whole process is illegal, and may have to be begun over again. At present the accused is undecided as to whether he shall insist on the legal flaw or face the original charge. According to another account, however, the Commissary's jurisdiction was extended when the Church inventories were made, and consequently there is no informality.

Madame de Rodellec says she implored her visitor to give the ring back to her, promising that if he did so the matter would go no further. She did all in her power to avoid a scandal, even leaving him alone in the room to give him an opportunity of placing the ring upon some bit of furniture. M. Greger was to be confronted with her on Thursday.

# COSMOPOLITAN SOCIETY AT A FRENCH SEASIDE RESORT.

DRAWN BY SIMONT.



FASHION AT DINARD, AS SEEN BY A FRENCH ARTIST.

The popularity of Dinard, near St. Malo, is steadily increasing, and the seaport is drawing visitors together from every part of the world. The scene on the sea-front during the fashionable hour is exceedingly bright and amusing, and the costumes are of perfectly kaleidoscopic variety, ranging from the most "chic" to the "bizarre." Obviously the bowler hat and flannels are not in accordance with English ideas of correct dress.

# OUR ICE SUPPLY: HOW NORWAY'S ICE-FIELDS SEND COOLNESS TO LONDON.

PHOTOGRAPHS REPRODUCED BY THE COURTESY OF THE WARWICK TRADING COMPANY.



1. CUTTING THE ICE-BLOCKS ON THE ICE-FIELDS.  
4. GUIDING A BLOCK ON THE SHOOT.

7. THE "STOP": SHOWING THE BEAM THAT ARRESTS THE BLOCK.

2. HANDLING THE ICE-BLOCKS.  
5. AN ICE-BLOCK IN FULL CAREER.

8. THE GANGWAY FROM THE SHOOT TO THE SHIP.

3. STARTING THE BLOCK ON THE SHOOT.

6. THE "STOP," WHERE THE RUNNERS TURN UP AT AN ACUTE ANGLE.

9. THE ICE-BLOCK REACHING THE STEAMER.

The greater portion of the ice that keeps Londoners cool is brought from the ice-fields of Norway. It is first cut into large cubes weighing several hundred-weight. The ice is then dragged out of the water with grappling-irons, and is taken to a shoot, down which it rushes to the steamer's side. At the bottom of the shoot the runners are turned up at an acute angle and

across them near the upper end lies a stout beam. The descending block rushes up this short incline, is caught by the beam and returned to the hollow, where it is caught by another gangway at right angles to the shoot, and slides down to the vessel. The whole process is to be seen on the bioscope at the Palace Theatre. Our photographs are from bioscope films.

## THE WINNING SIDE.

By D. K. BROSTER.

Illustrated by W. RUSSELL FLINT.

THE Citizen Sessay (*ci-devant* Comte de Sessay), member of the National Convention, Dantonist, and rising influence, sat one spring evening of 1793 hearing cases for the President of the Section des Quatre Nations, who was indisposed. For once, there had been little doing at the section, and the room, sometimes crammed with the patriotic humanity of the streets, had been singularly empty, so that it had taken on the appearance rather of a private tribunal than of a court where all might be present, subject to limitations of space, and might even assist, subject to the disposition of the citizen president. Perhaps the temporary holder of the office had discouraged an over-arduous attendance, for there was now no audience at all in the small bare room, of a discolouration depressingly universal and bordering upon grime, where the citizen deputy sat writing up his notes.

The lamplight at his elbow fell upon his thick dark hair, neatly tied back with a ribbon over his high coat-collar, for the deputy was still young, and in his personal attire as irreproachable as Robespierre himself. The hand which guided the pen showed its breeding, and so also did the face which the writer lifted at the conclusion of a page. There were other things there, too. A soul of iron dwelt behind those eyes of steel, and gave its thin lines to the implacable mouth.

It was three years now since Claude de Sessay had abandoned the cause of his caste, and it was not sympathy or conviction which had led him, as they had led so many others of like rank, to the step. He despised the futile struggles of the old order with all the relentless of a clear-sighted and ambitious intellect, deliberately severed his connection with it, and of set purpose allied himself with the new. Some little natural leanings to Republicanism indeed he had, but they were tainted at times with a great measure of contempt for the majority of the persons with whom he associated and their methods. Yet, however repugnant, these men held the present and the future. There had been a third motive, too, more personal, more irrational, and less confessed.

The citizen deputy finished his notes, and was beginning to read them over, making an occasional correction, when the silence was broken by a loud knock at the door, and the nearly simultaneous entrance of a sergeant of the National Guard.

"We have here, Citizen Deputy," he began without preamble, "a prisoner who is almost certainly one of the writers of the abominable and counter-revolutionary *Gazette Blanche*."

"An," said de Sessay, "the office of that paper has then been found at last, and raided? I knew that such a course was intended."

"Citizen Deputy, yes—but with small results. This man—an aristocrat—is the only one we could lay hands on; the others must have been warned. But we have destroyed the press. Will the citizen see the prisoner and countersign the warrant? It is for Sté. Pélagie."

The Comte pushed aside his notes. "Bring him in. It is, however, a pity that the citizen president is absent, for I do not know much of the case."

"It explains itself," replied the sergeant with much solemnity, "if the citizen has read the execrable productions of the *Gazette Blanche*." And he opened the door and called out, "Holà! you can come in."

The prisoner who entered between his guards was a young man of about eighteen, not a little torn and dishevelled, and very pale, but self-possessed and with a defiant eye. That he had not been secured without a struggle was evident from the state of his personal attire, for his neck-cloth was gone, his shirt was torn at the throat, and his long, dark hair hung half within, half without the collar of his coat. He shook it back a little as he came in, lifting a very proud and wilful white face to meet his inquisitor. But it was not until the muskets grounded on the floor that de Sessay raised his head from his papers. As he did so he went grey, and the quill in his fingers bent to a sharp angle. He recovered himself instantly.

"I will see the prisoner alone," he said in a cold and steady voice. "You may remove your men, Sergeant, and remain within call." The *ci-devant* grocer began to demur, but at a glance ended by obeying with alacrity. The men filed out, and the Citizen Sessay was alone with his third motive.

Claude de Sessay had had an illegitimate brother. The boys had been brought up together, since their father, on the death of his wife, had made no scruple of acknowledging his natural son, and of giving him an education precisely similar to that of his heir. But there was no love between the half-brothers. Etienne, the younger and the base-born, was his father's favourite. By the time that the old Comte died, dislike had blossomed into hatred, and Etienne, wild, romantic, and high-spirited, found his position no longer tolerable. His father had left him a competence—with regrets that he could not leave him the title—and one fine September morning, after a stormy overnight scene with his brother, he vanished. Circumstances showed that he had gone to Paris. With him vanished also the girl whom Claude de Sessay had every intention of making his wife.

Five years had passed since then. The hated half-brother had slipped completely out of de Sessay's life, but not from his memory. Claude did not know if he were alive or dead, in Paris or out of it; but one settled conviction he held about him—that he, too, like every man of sense, must have embraced the winning side. His origin alone must have pulled him there. And so, if ever they did meet . . . well, Claude, at any rate, would not be at his mercy, the champion of a losing cause.

And this, after all, was their meeting.

It was impossible for the other to be any paler than he was already, but he put out a hand to the wall to steady himself. He had not removed his eyes from the Comte's face, yet he said nothing, and at last began to laugh, stumbling up against the wall.

"Sit down," said his brother abruptly; "you are fainting."

The young man attempted no denial of the fact. "It is not from emotion, I assure you," he muttered indistinctly, as he groped his way to a bench against the wall. "Your emissaries are not light-handed . . . and they happen to have broken my arm."

De Sessay got up and poured him out some brandy. "Drink this," he said, advancing to him, "and sit in that chair; if you prefer it. We have something to say to each other."

His tone was perfectly dry and expressionless. The prisoner took the glass without a word and drank off its contents. A trace of colour came into his face, and he settled himself against the wall, putting the empty glass on the bench by his side.

"Certainly, it is long since we met," he replied, in a faint tone of raillery. "We must have much to say to each other."

The Comte's face darkened. He went back to his seat at the table, and the prisoner affected to invest the action with the significance which the deputy had perhaps intended.

"I trust you will excuse my not standing in the presence of authority," he murmured mockingly. "Believe me, I do so in spirit."

"Your remarks," said his brother, "would give a listener the impression that you were uneasy. And indeed you stand in grave danger, Etienne."

"It is kind of you," retorted the captive, "to show so much solicitude, Claude."

I know where I stand. Have you ever calculated your own position?"



"There is this much of strange about it," said the other reflectively, not heeding the question, "that I never thought to see you—where you are."

There was no vindictiveness in his tone; he seemed merely to state a fact of interest to himself.

"You thought I was dead?"

"I hoped so," returned the Comte impassively; "but usually I have imagined you as employing your talents on the side of the people."

"Like yourself?"

"Like myself. I thought we might meet some day; but not on these terms."

"Then fate is kinder to you than your imagination, Citizen—I presume one does not address you by your title; that is gone with all the rest. No; I have preferred the losing side."

"Bon chien chasse de race," said the Comte with a little smile, which barbed the proverb with an inexpressible sarcasm. He saw the insult tell. "Strangely, I do not feel the claims of my birth so strongly as you, and I have to content myself with the winning."

"But you have no doubt found it eminently contenting," said the Royalist with a sneer, a spot of colour showing in either cheek. "The adhesion of a noble must be of incalculable value to men like Hébert and Marat. . . . I have not the honour of knowing whom exactly you follow." He broke off, and added with more heat: "You taunt me with my origin! Bon Dieu! I had rather a thousand times be what I am than what you are!"

The contempt behind the words was so real and unaffected that de Sessay's colour, too, rose.

"Everyone has his turn," he said indifferently. He paused, and the tranquil mask of his face was suddenly crossed by a lightning flash of hatred and passion. "Once you were on the winning side, my brother!"

Their eyes met. For the first time the younger abandoned his attitude of mockery and defiance. "She is dead," he said sombrely. "She died years ago—a few months after our marriage. There is not so much to grieve me there." His glance left his brother's and went vaguely round the room, and he leant his head wearily against the wall. "There is nothing more to say, is there? Will you not settle the reckoning; I am tired."

De Sessay was drawing little dotted tracks on the bare deal of the table. That made a difference, for he never knew that Etienne had married her. And so Lucie was dead. He took up and fingered the order of arrest. It only needed his signature, and Etienne's fate was thereafter beyond his keeping. He looked at him, propped against the dingy wall, haggard, with momentarily closed eyes. It would be odd if he did not hate his enemy as much as he had supposed. He laid down the pen which he had just dipped in the ink, and rising, stood by the fireplace, the unsigned order fluttering in his fingers.

"I suppose you know what your committal will mean, Etienne," he began.

"Certainly," replied his brother, without opening his eyes.

"You may not believe me," continued the Comte, "but I am inclined to regret it. I do not greatly care to dip a finger, however slightly, in the blood of a . . . connection. But I cannot save you. You must save yourself if you wish to do so."

The young man opened his eyes. An incredulous astonishment was painted on his face, but all that he said was, "I do not particularly wish to die."

"Then ransom yourself," said de Sessay slowly.

Etienne pulled himself upright on the bench. "Ransom myself? How can I? What is the price?"

Claude turned round and stirred the fire carelessly with his boot. "The names of your confederates. Whatever your talents, I do not suppose that you wrote the whole of the *Gazette Blanche* yourself."

"You dare!" cried Etienne's voice behind him, alight with passion. "You dare to propose such a thing to me! You have often insulted me, but never like this. My God! because I am a bastard and you are a renegade—because I have no name and you have dragged yours in the mud—you dare to make me such an offer—"

The Comte turned. "Fool!" he said coldly, catching him as he fell. "Do not try heroics with a broken arm." Spent with pain and anger as he was, the young Royalist made one or two ineffectual efforts to break away from his brother's hold. De Sessay half dragged, half pushed him to a seat, and as he reached it the last remnant of Etienne's strength gave out, and he collapsed unresistingly into its embrace.

Claude de Sessay stood with an elbow on the mantelpiece, and looked at his enemy as he lay, slack and senseless, in the sectional president's big wooden chair. Why should the dear vengeance, whose promise had slept warm at his heart these five years, prove so cold, so little worth the having, when its reality was in his grasp? And the vengeance, after all, was not his, but the people's, for he was neither Etienne's accuser nor his judge. It was very much more than doubtful if he could save him if he would. Save him! De Sessay smiled at himself. What could be further from his thoughts? And yet . . . and yet . . . If he were to do it, it would be from no scruples, no weak-kneed paltering to a conventional demand that a brother should not shed a brother's blood. It would be solely to please himself. Etienne should understand that, and Etienne would hate salvation at his hands—"I should, at least, were I in his place," thought the Comte to himself. Yes, that would be a vengeance worth the having—that Etienne should owe him his life. "You have called me names, *mon frère*," he said bitterly, "but I shall be what the world is pleased to term magnanimous." Indeed, Etienne's words had stung him. "Well, the renegade shall save you," he went on, addressing the inert figure, "but how?"

And as he looked at him, a thought, born of his late offer and of Etienne's white face, stole into the Dantonist's mind. The prisoner would quite probably have fever from his injury; with fever comes usually delirium, and in delirium . . . who knows? The streak of tiger-nature in Claude de Sessay played with the idea. He would have Etienne watched; any names which he might let fall should go to the Committee of General Security as voluntary information, and armed with this denunciation it would fare hard with the supposed informer if the Citizen Sessay could not procure his release. The scheme, inextricably woven of mercy and cruelty, came near to giving its originator the savour of his long-delayed vengeance.

Going back to his table the Comte wrote for some moments in silence. Then he folded and sealed the letter, and took up the warrant to countersign it, but he first glanced thoughtfully at his brother, still sunk motionless in the chair. Yes, he would have to go to Sté. Pélagie; but he should be well looked after. Reading through the document he noticed that Etienne had taken his mother's name. *Tant mieux.* He signed the warrant, and going to the door, called for the sergeant.

The functionary hustled in alone. "This letter has just been left for you, Citizen Deputy," he said presenting it. "I was told to give it to you myself. It is perhaps important. . . . Ah, the prisoner has fainted. I will fetch my men."

De Sessay opened the dirty, crumpled paper with repugnant fingers. He read it once, twice, thrice, and at the end he gave vent to a little laugh.

"Important—*je le crois bien*—and for both of us," he said under his breath, addressing the insensible captive. "What a stroke of fate! I have no need now for your protective revelations. You are forestalled, my dear Etienne, but not

thereby lost. There is now nothing for you to do but to make haste and recover." And as the guard came in he turned away from his smiling apostrophe of the unconscious figure, and, carefully folding up the paper, put it into his pocket.

## II.

The prison of Ste. Pélagie bore no especial reputation for comfort, but it contained one room at least which was both large and clean, and which, save for its barred window and its general bareness, scarcely showed itself for what it was. The scanty furniture, indeed, and the pallet-bed, with its faded serge covering, might well have been the humble but respectable property of some struggling poet or journalist, and with this aspect of his apartment its present occupant was completely in harmony, for he was writing. He sat at the table in the middle, scrawling verses with his left hand, and, though his right arm was in a sling and his thin face bore the traces of recent illness, he smiled to himself as he read over what he had written.

"I will send this to Fouquier-Tinville after my trial," he said aloud. "Tiens! but I think it stings! Could one but see how he takes it. . . . An idea! One might recite it to him on that occasion!" He threw back his head with sparkling eyes. "Quelle farce! In that case I must polish it a little."

A quarter of an hour passed, during which the satirist thoughtfully erased a word or two and replaced them. Then he re-read the production several times, and laid down the pen. With his chin on his hand he fell to musing, staring at the bars of the window opposite him, through which slipped a sunbeam, scanty indeed, but still a sunbeam of May. Whether the young man's absorption were that of the author or the captive there was nothing to show. At last, coming out of his reverie with a short sigh, he took up his pen again.

"I might write an ode to Ste. Pélagie," he muttered meditatively. He bit the top of his pen. "Who was Ste. Pélagie? A very comfortable lady, to judge from this specimen of her hospitality, even though her unrelieved society be a trifle boring. But no doubt she still thinks me too much of an invalid to receive, and that is only considerate of her. I will certainly celebrate her charms in verse."

He wrote down, awkwardly enough, "Ode à Ste. Pélagie," and bit his pen again.

"How would one begin? Vierge . . . but was she? I don't know—however—vierge . . . adorable . . . ? No, hardly . . . estimable—too cold . . . admirable—not altogether, I think . . . silencieuse . . . ? Will that scan, for it's true enough?"

It was not true at that moment, however, for rapid steps were coming along the sounding corridor. Etienne stopped, listened, and then, as the rattle of keys was plainly audible at his door, pushed aside the ode to Ste. Pélagie, snatched up the treasured lines to the Public Accuser, folded them clumsily together with the unaided fingers of his left hand, and, stooping, thrust the paper into his shoe.

He had just thrown himself back in his chair as the door opened and admitted his half-brother.

Every line in Etienne's face hardened. He rose slowly to his feet, as the Dantonist, after standing a moment at the door, came towards him. De Sessay's mouth wore an inscrutable little smile.

"Why have you come here?" asked Etienne, eyeing him.

Claude gave a glance at the papers on the table. "Am I interrupting you? My errand must be my excuse. I shall not detain you long."

Etienne gave him a quick, cold look of inquiry, which gleaned nothing, and then pushed forward the chair on which he had been sitting. "I regret that I cannot offer you a better one."

The Comte waved it aside. "You will not need to apologise much longer for your lodging," he replied.

"You mean that I am soon to leave it?"

De Sessay nodded. "To-day," he said, looking keenly at his brother, who involuntarily drew himself up to meet the word. The Comte paused, and continued slowly—"Yes, to-day. You are free."

Etienne recoiled a step or two.

"Free!" he exclaimed, utterly incredulous. "Free! You are trifling with me!"

"I am in earnest," said Claude coolly. "You can walk out of Ste. Pélagie this moment, if you choose."

But Etienne stared at him like a sleep-walker. The Comte's face expressed nothing; his smile had vanished.

"But how . . . why?" stammered the Royalist at last. "Is it . . . is it your doing?" His voice froze on the question.

It may be that the thought of mercy was faintly astir in de Sessay's heart. At any rate, he paused for a second or two before replying, and perhaps it was the naked hostility of the other's tone which finally decided him.

"Not entirely," he replied indifferently. "I told you I could do little—"

"Did I ask anything?"

"I told you that you must save yourself," went on the Comte, unheeding; "and though, if I recollect rightly, when I spoke of a ransom the idea did not commend itself to you, you have ended, as you will find, by paying it." He smiled again.

"I—I have paid it?" asked Etienne dizzily. His brain was reeling, and the smiling eyes looking at him so keenly were not reassuring.

"Unknowingly, no doubt," returned his brother drily. "I said then that I was sure that the names of your accomplices would ransom you. Your transports of virtuous indignation prevented you from considering my proposition, so that you did not give them to me . . . on that occasion. . . . You do not understand? Remember that you have been ill, that for twenty-four hours you were delirious, and try to recall—if you can—what you said in that day and night."

There was a long pause, during which the young journalist put his hand over his eyes, and was presumably occupied, so Claude pleasantly surmised, in trying to remember.

"It is false," he said at last, with stiff lips; but there was more horror than conviction in his tone.

The Comte shrugged his shoulders. "You may prefer to believe it so, but, as you will find when you go out, your friends were tried yesterday morning. It is painful, no doubt, but you must allow for my—for a brother's anxiety."

"You are a devil!" said Etienne, in a strangled voice. "Do you think I want my liberty at such a price . . . but perhaps you think I do—you, the noble, the well-born, who can stoop to spy and eavesdrop on fever—"

"To save you," interrupted Claude. "The means may not have been of the most reputable, but the end, surely, was to be commended. And I must correct a misapprehension. There has been no talk of spying, since (as it would have been useless otherwise) I had to represent the information as voluntarily given. You must see that, of course. . . . That is really all I had to say. The concierge has the order for your release."

No, revenge was not dust and ashes in the mouth; it had a pleasant savour. After the broken cry which had been forced from him, Etienne was supporting himself by the table. De Sessay surveyed his ghastly face and turned away.

"Claude!"

The Comte leaned back with a lift of his eyebrows. "Claude! Say it is not true! Say that you are only tormenting me! Say . . . Oh, my God! you cannot have done such a thing!"

De Sessay turned round, and shrugged his shoulders.

"Cannot?" he repeated. "Is your opinion of me, then, so high? I had not guessed it. And, really, I fail to see why your susceptibilities are thus injured. Whether you were raving or in your senses has not made a pin's difference to the fate of your friends—merely to yours. That is all. Perhaps those that are left may be a little chary of your company in future; but I cannot help that. We have all to relinquish, in time, those high ideals of loyalty which you appeared to cherish the other evening. I regret, of course, that the term of renegade, which you were good enough to apply to me on that occasion, will probably be used of you, by your friends rather than your foes, and—may I say it?—with more apparent justification."

But Etienne seemed scarcely to be listening. "Voluntarily given!" he repeated once or twice, in a stunned way. "I—betray my comrades!" Suddenly he came nearer to his brother, beseeching, as if it were a thing that could, at his will, be undone. "Claude, for the honour of our name—!"

"Our name!" said the Comte, with a biting emphasis. "You will pardon me for thinking that I can take care of mine; and, as for yours, I have yet to learn what it is."

The imploring hand dropped clenched, and Etienne's look, blazing with hatred, crossed his brother's. For a long minute neither spoke, while the living fury in the eyes of the younger gradually faded, dominated by a passion colder, deeper, and more enduring than his own.

"I understand," he said brokenly. "Yes, you have waited long, but you have it . . . the winning trick. . . . And now, if you are satisfied . . . go!"

And the Comte went slowly, without a word. But even before he had reached the door, Etienne had acknowledged the utter defeat of his stubborn pride; for, careless whether the victor saw him or no, he sank down in the chair, his head bowed. De Sessay cast a last look at him, smiled faintly, and went out.

"Citizen, you are required to remove your effects. The chamber is wanted." Etienne raised his head. Before him stood a *guichetier* of Ste. Pélagie, a paper in his hand.

"You are free, citizen, and you must go at once. The room is wanted," he repeated. "Have you anything to take with you? You are asleep, *hein*, when the time comes to march? Look!" And he held the paper under Etienne's eyes.

Etienne got to his feet, but not before he had seen a portion of it. The reason of release was stated very plainly, so that he knew it was neither dream nor lie.

"It is true, then," he said softly to himself . . . "Must I go?"

The jailer closed one eye at him in a jocular manner. "Oh, you aristos! No, no, that doesn't go down here. Right-about march, citizen; I warrant you will show your heels fast enough when you once get your nose outside. There are not many that get the chance. Have you nothing to take with you?"

"No."

"Allons, then," said the jailer. "We soon fill up in this hostelry. You see the new lodgers? They have only just come in." And Etienne, slowly preparing to follow him, perceived for the first time three or four *détenu*s standing half inside the door. They stood back to let the two men pass, but Etienne stopped.

"Grancy!" he cried in dismay. "I did not know that. . . . It was one of his most intimate friends.

"Monsieur has the advantage of me," said the newcomer, bowing coldly. And, like his brother, Etienne went out without a word.

## III.

Discussion of some sort was going forward in a rather desultory fashion in Danton's comfortable house in the Rue des Cordeliers. It was nine o'clock in the evening, and the half-dozen talkers were gathered round the green-covered table in the owner's spacious study. As most of them sat behind it, facing the door, they presented something the air of a tribunal, with their leader for president. There were Lacroix and Philippeaux, Camille Desmoulins, laughing as he wrote; two or three others, and, at the end of the table, Héroult de Séchelles, the handsome and well born, talking earnestly to Claude de Sessay. In the middle, between Desmoulins the pamphleteer, and Fabre d'Eglantine the poet—as he was to sit on his last journey—sat Danton himself, massive and saturnine, listening to Fabre d'Eglantine with a smile half cynical, half indulgent. He shook his head when the poet finished.

"No, no. I am sure that you do not appreciate the situation. Camille, stop scribbling"—he laid his

hand on Desmoulins' shoulder—"and attend. Friends, though a trifle, this is not a matter for hasty judgment. Do you want my opinion? What is it, Catherine?"

The general cry of "Yes, yes!" and "We wait for it," had drowned the opening of the door.

"It is the citizen who called twice this afternoon to see you," responded the domestic, without quitting her hold of the door-handle.

"What does he want?"

"I do not know, but—he says his business is of the utmost importance. He would not tell me his name."

Danton frowned. "Since he is so persistent, I shall have no peace until I see him, I suppose. Where is he?"

"Out here, in the ante-chamber," said the servant, jerking her thumb over her shoulder.

"Let him come in," said her master, "if you will pardon the interruption, gentlemen. Let us hope that this important business will not take long."

The visitor appeared at once in the doorway, and walked slowly across the room. Beyond the fact that he was young and slight, little could be gleaned from looking at him as he did so, for he had a scarf round the lower part of his face and had kept on his hat.

"Your business, Citizen?" demanded Danton briefly.

The new-comer's hand searched in his breast. "This!" he said quietly, and with a word levelled a pistol at the tribune's head.

Danton sprang to his feet, thrusting a hand inside his coat; but one of his followers was even quicker than he. Almost before the word was uttered there was a flash and a report from the other end of the table, and Claude de Sessay had shot the intruder through the body. For a couple of seconds the latter stood swaying; the scarf slipped away as he threw out his arms, and for the first time his face was visible. Through its pallor and sudden contraction it was oddly triumphant. The next moment he had fallen in a heap.

Quick as thought de Sessay vaulted over the table, the smoking weapon still in his hand.

"Leave him to me!" he shouted above the roar; "I know him—let me speak to him." And he bent over Etienne, coughing and writhing in mortal agony on the floor. He was shot through the lungs.

"Madman! Madman! Why did you do it?"

"The winning trick!" gasped his brother. "I have the better of you at last!" He began to laugh horribly, a bright stream of blood running out of his mouth. "The pistol . . . was not loaded!"

De Sessay threw down his own and knelt beside him. Still laughing, Etienne raised himself on to his elbow. Two or three of the company were examining his fallen weapon. "Look at it, Danton!" he called out in a wild voice; "it will not hurt you. I am not an assassin!"

"Then, in God's name, what did you want?" cried the Comte, slipping an arm round him as he fell back.

Etienne put his handkerchief to his mouth. "What you have given me, *mon frère*," he said, much more quietly; "though I did not know that you were here . . . nor did I think . . . that you would be so kind."

De Sessay took him completely into his arms and lifted him higher. "Then what did you want with your empty pistol—that somebody should shoot you?"

The dying man shook his head. "I thought," he said painfully, fighting for breath; "I . . . I could not bear it. . . . When I went back . . . they said . . . they would not believe . . . so I was desperate . . . and I thought if I could . . . frighten Danton he would . . . send me where I sent Deschamps and Aymard."

"You mean to the guillotine?" asked Claude in a cold, and curious voice. "But that would not have made any difference to your position as far as they were concerned."

Etienne looked up straight into his face. "Oh, can't you understand? It would have made the difference to me . . . but this . . . perhaps . . . does just as well."

He smiled a faint reflective smile; his eyes closed; and de Sessay saw that he was almost gone.

For his part he believed himself, at that moment, satisfied. Etienne had evidently drained to the very dregs the bitter draught which he had mixed for him. But the cup of which the Comte had meant him to drink all his days Etienne himself had shattered, so that, if the agony had been sharp, it had been very short. He was conscious, and without resenting it, of a strange little thrill of approval; almost of admiration, and in an instant he had made up his mind. Glancing round, he saw the others, gathered in a little knot by the table, looking at him silently and curiously. Only Danton, as disdaining to show further interest, had returned to his place and was busy writing.

He bent lower. "Etienne," he said, in a clear voice, "listen! I told you a lie. You never mentioned any names . . . Etienne, do you hear? Your friends were denounced by someone else, the night that you were taken. And I lied, both to the Committee and to you. Do you understand?"

The flame of life flickered up again as the Royalist opened his eyes. His lips moved, but no words came. Only his eyes held the other with such intensity of gaze that the Comte added softly, "I regret it. It was my revenge, because I knew that a de Sessay would prefer death to dishonour." It was without a trace of sarcasm that he gave his brother the title he had always refused him, and he saw that his intention was understood. And it was in this unexpected fashion that their long duel was ended.

"Thank you," said Etienne, very faintly. "Will you—will you tell the rest?"

Claude caught the wavering hand which he lifted.

"They shall know—all shall know," he answered, with a burst of real feeling. "I will clear you—on the word of a gentleman. Is there anything else?"

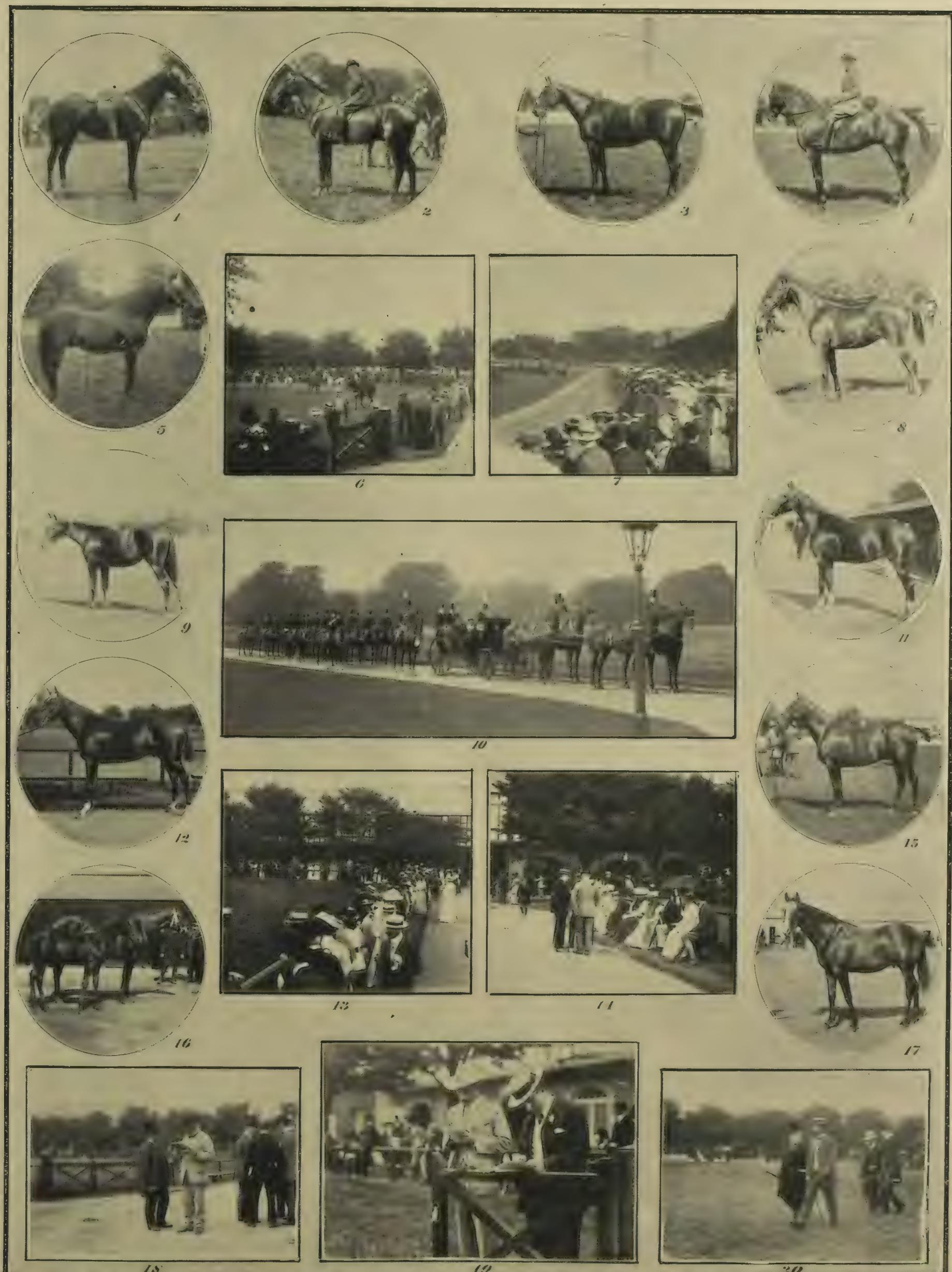
Etienne made a last effort to rally himself, and even raised himself a little in the Comte's arms.

"That is all . . . that matters . . . to die without the stain," he got out distinctly. A torrent of blood choked his utterance. For a moment he fought hard for breath, and gained it as a long shudder ran over him. "I am . . . content." His head fell back on his brother's shoulder.

THE END.

## THE MOST SUCCESSFUL DUBLIN HORSE SHOW ON RECORD.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL PRESS, BOWDEN, AND LAFAYETTE.



1. Mr. James Milling's First Prize Four-year-old Mare, Princess Ena.
2. The First Prize Four-year-old Gelding: Mr. Owen Ryan's Let 'Em All Come.
3. The Winner of the Hunter's Champion Cup: Mr. John Kernohan's Exhibit.
4. The Winner of the Perpetual Challenge Cup: Lady Muriel Grenfell's First Prize Hunter Gelding.
5. Twice the Winner of the Croker Challenge Cup: Mr. William Pallin's Red Prince II.
6. Judging the Light Weight Carry.
7. The Parade of Prize Winners before 25,000 Spectators.

8. The Winner of the Perpetual Challenge Cup for First Prize Thoroughbred Yearling Filly: Mr. T. M'Mahon's Bay.
9. The Winner of the Pembroke Challenge Cup: Major R. G. Alexander's First Prize Three-year-old Gelding.
10. The Lord Lieutenant and the Countess of Aberdeen leaving the Viceregal Lodge for the Horse Show.
11. The First Prize Three-year-old Filly: Mr. J. E. Mullens' Pale Face.
12. The Winner of the First Prize for Four-year-old Geldings: Mr. J. Barron's Star of Antrim.
13. Spectators Watching the Judging.
14. An Interval of the Judging.

15. The Winner of the Perpetual Challenge Cup for Hunters: Mr. Thomas M'Keever's Joan of Arc.
16. Winner of Three Great Events: Mr. Patrick Turley's Nora. (Perpetual Challenge Cup for Brood Mare Hunters, and the Hunters Improvement Society's Gold Medal, also First Prize Brood Mare Hunters.)
17. The First Prize Thoroughbred Yearling Colt: Mr. Rait Kerr's Bay, Winner of the Perpetual Challenge Cup.
18. The Earl of Coventry (on right) Judging.
19. Sir Douglas Brooke, Bart (on left) Judging.
20. The Lord Lieutenant with Sir James Creed Meredith at the Show.

# A HINT FOR THE HOT WEATHER: A THEATRE WE SHOULD LIKE IN LONDON.

PHOTOGRAPH BY HUTIN, TRAMPS.



AN OPEN-AIR REPRESENTATION OF SPONTINI'S "LA VESTALE" IN THE GREAT ARENA AT BÉZIERS.

In the great open-air theatre at Béziers, where "Œdipus" was given a few years ago, they have this year played Spontini's opera "La Vestale." The principal parts were taken by artists from the Paris Opéra and from the Théâtre Royal de la Monnaie. There were two hundred and fifty choristers and sixty dancers from La Scala. The scenery was on a gigantic scale, and covered more than six thousand square yards of canvas.

# HUMAN FIRE-FLIES: A SUGGESTION FOR A SULTRY EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT.

DRAWN BY H. W. KOEKKOEK FROM A SKETCH BY E. HOSANG, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN BERLIN.



FIGURE - DANCING BY CHINESE - LANTERN LIGHT IN THE WATER.

At the festival of the Berlin Swimming Club, the members hold lamplight dances. Each swimmer carries a Chinese lantern on his or her head, and they swim in procession from the bath-house. At a signal from the commander's whistle, the swimmers perform various evolutions, and the effect of the geometrical forms they weave is exceedingly picturesque. The figures of the dance are outlined in lamplight.

## THE WORK OF THE DASTARDLY BOMB AT THE RUSSIAN PREMIER'S.

EXCLUSIVE PHOTOGRAPHS BY OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT AND BY OLSHANSKY.



M. STOLYPIN'S HOUSE AFTER THE EXPLOSION.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE HOUSE AFTER THE EXPLOSION.



THE ASSASSINS' CARRIAGE, WRECKED BY THEIR BOMB, AND THE DOCTOR WHO GAVE FIRST AID TO M. STOLYPIN'S LITTLE DAUGHTER.

Doctor.



THE PART OF THE HOUSE THAT SUFFERED MOST FROM THE EXPLOSION.



M. STOLYPIN'S HOUSE FROM THE GARDEN.

The assassins who wrecked M. Stolypin's house on August 25 came in a carriage, which was blown some distance away by the explosion. The coachman perished. The chair in the foreground of the above picture is soaked with blood. Dr. Chevajevsky (the figure with the light overcoat) gave first aid to the Premier's little daughter. Both Mlle. Stolypin and her little brother were fearfully mutilated. The doorway and steps leading to the Premier's reception-room were entirely wrecked, and also a balcony on the first floor. The Stolypin children were sitting on the balcony: the little girl's feet were hopelessly shattered, and the boy was wounded in the side.

## GUTTED BY RUSSIAN TERRORISTS: THE BOMB'S WORK AT M. STOLYPIN'S.

STEREOPHOTOGRAPH COPYRIGHT BY UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD, LONDON AND NEW YORK.

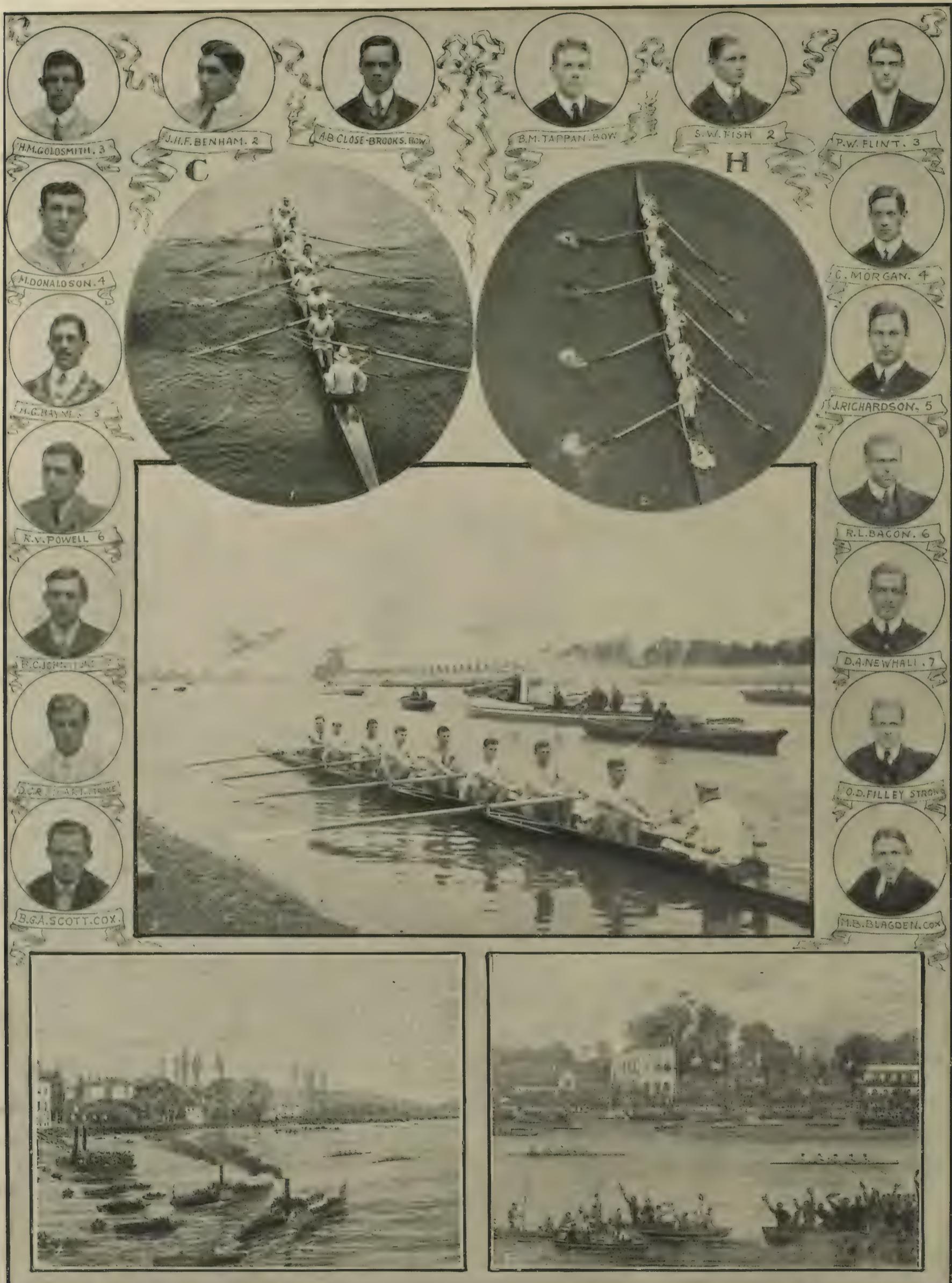


THE CENTRAL PORTION OF THE PREMIER'S HOUSE, BLOWN OUT BY THE BOMB ON AUGUST 25.

The conspirators drove up to the front door, and were admitted to the vestibule of the reception-room, where they flung the bomb. The Prime Minister, who was in his reception-room, had a narrow escape, but the killed and injured numbered thirty. Above the door was the balcony in which the Prime Minister's son and daughter were sitting. The children were desperately injured.

## THE MEETING OF CAMBRIDGE AND HARVARD ON THE RIVER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STEARN, MOYES, AND TOPICAL; OLD PRINTS FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," 1869.



1. THE CAMBRIDGE STYLE, 1906.

2. THE HARVARD STYLE, 1906.

3. CAMBRIDGE AFLOAT AT PUTNEY, 1906.

4. THE CONTEST OF 1869.—OXFORD v. HARVARD: THE START AT PUTNEY.

5. THE CONTEST OF 1869: THE FINISH AT MORTLAKE, OXFORD WINNING.

The contest of August 27, 1869, was rowed in four-oared boats. Harvard got away first. At the London Club Boathouse they led by a length. At Cowan's wharf Oxford began to gain, and at the Doves victory seemed assured to the Dark Blues. At Chiswick Eyot they drew level, at the Church they led by a length, and finally won by a length and a half. The Oxford time was 22 minutes 41 $\frac{1}{2}$  seconds, that of Harvard was 22 minutes 47 $\frac{1}{2}$  seconds. On the Monday following the crews dined at the Crystal Palace with the London Rowing Club. Charles Dickens proposed the health of the competitors.

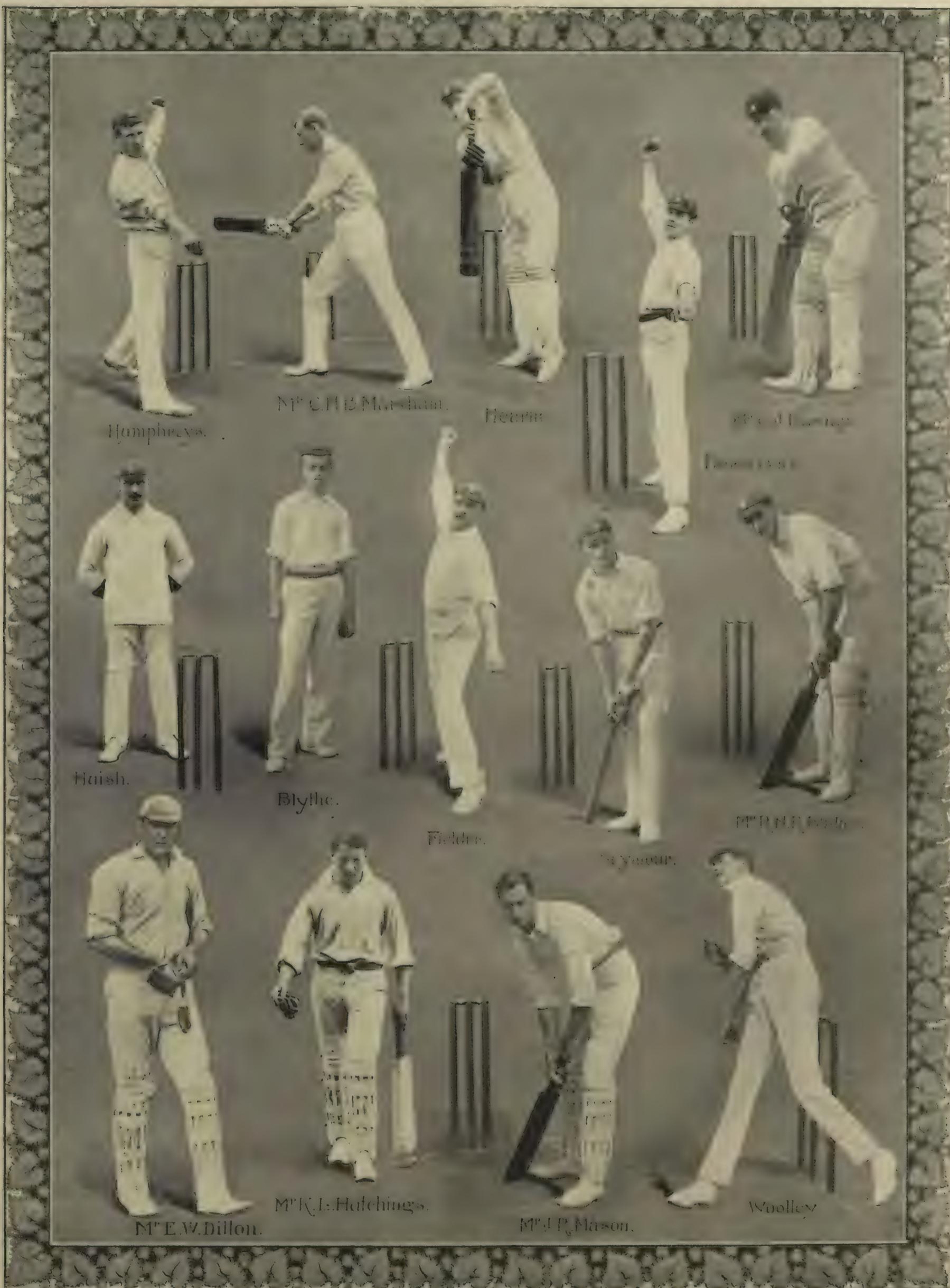
## HARVARD CREW, 1869.

	st. lb.
1. J. S. Fay (Boston) ... ... ...	11 0
2. F. O. Lyman (Hawaii) ... ...	11 0
3. W. H. Simmons (Concord) ...	12 3
A. P. Loring, (stroke) (Boston) ...	11 0
A. Burnham (cox.) ... ...	8 0

## OXFORD CREW, 1869.

	st. lb.
1. F. Willan (Exeter) ... ... ...	11 11
2. A. C. Yarborough (Lincoln) ...	12 2
3. J. C. Tinné (University) ...	14 9
S. D. Darbshire (stroke) (Balliol)	11 9
F. H. Hall (cox.) (Corpus) ...	7 3

KENT, THE COUNTY CRICKET CHAMPIONS FOR 1906:  
MIGHTY MEN OF THE CRACK COUNTY TEAM.



## CHAMPIONS FOR THE LAST TEN YEARS.

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Points.	Percentage.
1896	Yorks	26	16	3	7	13
1897	Lancashire	26	16	3	7	13
1898	Yorkshire	26	16	3	7	13
1899	Surrey	26	10	2	14	8
1900	Yorkshire	28	16	0	12	16
1901	Yorkshire	27	20	1	6	19
					90'47	

According to the rule laid down by the M.C.C., "One point shall be reckoned for each win; one deducted for each loss; unfinished games shall not be reckoned. The county which during the season shall in finished matches obtain the greatest proportionate number of points shall be reckoned champions."

## THE COUNTY CHAMPIONSHIP: FINAL POSITIONS OF COUNTIES, 1906.

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Drawn.	Points.	Percentage.
Kent	...	22	16	2	4	14
Yorkshire	...	28	17	3	8	14
Surrey	...	28	18	4	6	14
Lancashire	...	26	15	0	5	9
Notts	...	20	9	4	7	5
Warwickshire	...	20	7	4	9	3
Essex	...	22	9	6	7	3
Hampshire	...	20	7	9	4	-2
Gloucestershire	...	20	6	10	4	-4
Sussex	...	24	6	12	6	-6
Somerset	...	18	4	10	4	-8
Middlesex	...	18	4	10	4	-8
Northamptonshire	...	16	4	10	2	-6
Worcestershire	...	20	2	8	10	-6
Leicestershire	...	22	3	14	5	-11
Derbyshire	...	20	2	17	1	-15

1.

2.

3.

4.

5.

6.

7.



### A BREAK IN THE FAMILY: TEARS FOR A LOST PET IN LONDON'S DOG-CEMETERY.

DRAWN BY H. H. Flère.

In a quiet corner of Hyde Park may be seen the last resting-place of the faithful dog-friends of London's aristocracy. Each little grave has its own headstone, with inscription, and a well-kept bed of flowers or shrubs; and one pictures to oneself the many little tragedies and thoughts of the broken hearts whose tales these headstones tell. Here is "Poor Little Prince," the late Duke of Cambridge's dog, and near by is a stone inscribed "In Memory of my darling dog 'Seamp,' died Feb. 24, 1900, aged 15 years." This dog had been practically all over the world with his master, an officer in the Army. Again, another stone has, "H.O.F. & M.M.C.'s Jack the Dandy, a Sportsman

and a Pal," whose funeral was attended by nine or ten bulldog friends. Then one represses a smile as one notices in close proximity stones to "Whiskey," "Paddy" and "Scottie," and also "Pomme de Terre." Quite a number of our Scotch friends lie here. There is "Mac," for 12½ years the faithful companion of Arthur and Ida Holmes, died 19th Dec., 1901, aged 13 years"; "Uncle" Bruce, 1883—1895, E.A.C., 27, Sussex Square: also "Skye;" and the inevitable "Sandy." At Molesworth, Kimbolton, Huntingdon, is an extension of the cemetery, where can be seen a stone to a pet dog which the Hon. Mrs. Maclaren Morrison brought from Brighton to be buried.

## AT THE SIGN OF ST. PAUL'S.

BY ANDREW LANG.

ARE other scribblers vexed by endless appeals for dollars from "The Author's Clipping Bureau," Boston, Mass.? The Bureau may be very "clipping," but I do not covet extracts of criticisms from the *Lynn Item*, the *Bangor Commercial*, the *Memphis Commercial Appeal*, the *Brooklyn* (or any other) *Eagle*, the *Buffalo Enquirer*, the *Toledo Bee*, the *Omaha* (or any other) *Bee*, or the *New Berlinopolisville Wasp*. The opinions of these Bees, Items, and other insects, fowls, Palladia (*New Haven Palladium*), and so forth on my unassuming works are things totally indifferent to me. To be sure, the *Troy Press*, *Troy Record*, and *Troy Times* may have valuable light to throw on the Homeric Problem, but the *Alvarez Press*, *Record*, and *Times* must, in fairness, also be heard, and they are not in the list of "The Author's Clipping Bureau," are not among "the 200 papers listed above."

A morbid desire for posthumous criticism is anticipated. "Few deaths result in the printing of more than a hundred obituaries, and ten dollars would be the usual cost of a memorial album that the family would cherish with pride." What a standard is this of family honour! Speaking as "the corp" and for "the brothers of the corp," and other kinsfolk of "the corp," I may say that no obituaries are in demand. The family, as a rule, know a great deal more about "the corp" than the authors of the "obituaries," and to them extraneous information is less of a necessary of life than a culpable luxury. In America it seems that bereavement derives a sensible consolation from the perusal of a hundred obituaries of the dear one departed, all written by the "brainy" young men of the *Grand Rapids Herald*, the *Tacoma Ledger*, the *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*, and the *San Francisco Salsipuedes*. At home I hope and believe that British subjects do not care to know what any newspapers say about them in life or death. On an old wall of an old house in an old town I have read the inscription—"They say. What say they? Let them be saying!"

The goat is the last domestic animal which endears itself as a pet in urban society. Judging by Theocritus and works of Greek art, especially gems, the Sicilian herdsman seems to have been as fond of his goats as Dr. Johnson was of his cat Hodge, a favourite who gave many uncomfortable hours to Mr. James Boswell: Bozzy being one of the people who are made uneasy by the presence of cats. There is a story of a young girl who was afraid of mice, and was advised by an old Scottish lady to keep a goat in her bed-room—a sad dilemma for a delicate young thing.

Goats are no longer commonly seen in the streets of London. I used to wonder who it was that kept a fine goat on the steps of a great house in Piccadilly. My business then led me daily to Bouvierie Street, and a goat equally puzzling used to haunt the doors of a house there. I think it was the office of the *Nonconformist*. This goat may have been a religious symbol; perhaps he was a scape-goat.

In 1738, a London goat made himself famous, as we learn from Mrs. Climenson's new work on Elizabeth Montagu, "the Queen of the Blue Stockings." Writing to the Duchess of Portland, the lady tells how Mr. Page drove in his coach to visit Mr. Edward Walpole, brother of Horace; I wish it had been the refined "Horace Waddlepoo" that he favoured. A tame street goat followed Mr. Page into Mr. Walpole's mansion, and a footman, thinking that it had come, like a lap-dog, in Mr. Page's coach, carried it into the gilded saloon where the gentlemen were conversing.

Mr. Page thought that the goat was Mr. Walpole's goat, while Mr. Walpole supposed it to be the attached companion of Mr. Page. Each wondered at his friend's taste in domestic pets, above all when the goat, taking his seat on a carved and gilded chair, destroyed that article of furniture. Mr. Walpole mildly said that "he fancied tame goats did a great deal of harm," and Mr. Page said "he believed so, too." Politeness has its limits, and when the goat, "after much free and easy behaviour," was devastating the furniture, an explanation was somehow arrived at, and the goat was despatched downstairs with gestures unusual in the intercourse of gentlemen.

The accounts of the Rising of 1745, as viewed from London, are curious. The ladies are happy that, after Prestonpans, the Dragoons, at least, have safely reached London. I never noticed in any history mention of the certain fact that these Dragoons, who always ran away from Prince Charlie, were Irish. Now Irishmen are brave, and the fact seems to be that their hearts were with their brother Celts.

The Bank began to pay in silver after Prestonpans fight, which is another novelty to me. A correspondent of Mrs. Montagu speaks in the spirit of Lord Roberts. It was "terrible and shameful" that a nation which could raise 500,000, a nation with 500 millions of property, should be "terrified and disordered" by 5000 Highlanders not worth £5000. "What signify all the speeches of our ignorant: perhaps knavish babbler in Parliament against the Army? What has been the consequence of their insisting so often, contrary to common experience and common sense, that our Navy was a sufficient security?" This is an old and still a true story!

A curious story is this: On a Monday, last May, Miss B. at night found that she had lost a brooch which she had worn all day, in various places—among others, at an evening meeting. The night had been very wet; she made no search for her brooch, but on Tuesday placed notices of her loss in the post office and the police office. On the nights of Wednesday and Thursday she dreamed that a girl, daughter of the caretaker of the meeting-hall, came to her and said, "My mother has found this (the brooch); is it what you lost?" On Monday next the dream was fulfilled to a tittle.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Miford Lane, Strand, W.C.

R H HARRISON.—Your problem is not bad for a first attempt, but before trying further you should study construction as exemplified by the leading composers.

P U B (St. Petersburg).—If you will send your name and address we will examine your problem with pleasure.

F JONES (Clifton).—The position is too simple to be of use.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 3245 received from R. Rookes (India), V C (Cape Town), Promotho Nalit Banerjee (Burdwan, India), and Banarsi Das (Moradabad); of No. 3246 from Promotho Nalit Banerjee and V C (Cape Town); of No. 3247 from Banarsi Das (Moradabad); of No. 3249 from B. Messenger, C Field junior (Athol, Mass.), E G Rodway (Trowbridge), and James M K Lupton (Richmond); of No. 3250 from A G Bagot (Dublin), James M K Lupton, and Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth); of No. 3251 from S J England (South Woodford), Rev P Lewis (Ramsgate), B. Messenger, P D (Brighton), T Roberts, C E Perugini, P U B (St. Petersburg), F R Pickering (Forest Hill), and J A S Hanbury (Birmingham).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 3252 received from C E Perugini, R H Harrison (Cardiff), C E Perugini, Charles Burnett, Sorrento, F Waller (Luton), J A S Hanbury (Birmingham), R Worts (Canterbury), Charles E Ford (Maida Vale), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), and H S Brandreth (Montreux).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3251.—By R. J. BLAND.

WHITE

1. R to R 8th
2. Q to Kt 8th
3. Q mates

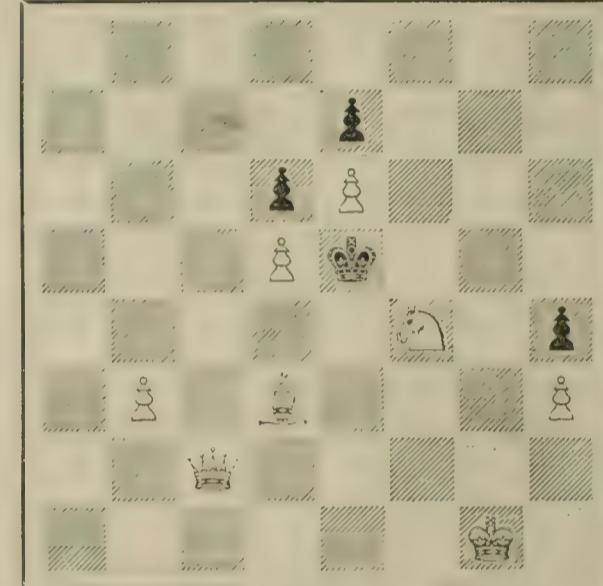
BLACK

1. K to B 2nd
2. Any move

If Black play 1. K to R sq, 2. R takes B (ch), and if 1. P to Q 4th, 2. Q to Q R 2nd, K moves, 3. Q or R mates.

PROBLEM NO. 3254. By GIRINDRA CHANDRA MUKHERJI (INDIA).

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN SHREWSBURY.

Game played in the British Chess Championship Tournament, between the Rev. W. C. PAINTER and Mr. MICHELL.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	1. P to Q 4th	1. P to Q 4th
2. P to Q B 4th	P to K 3rd	2. P to Q B 4th	2. P to K 3rd
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	3. Kt to Q B 3rd	3. Kt to K B 3rd
4. B to Kt 5th	Q Kt to Q 2nd	4. B to Kt 5th	Q Kt to Q 2nd
5. P to K 3rd	B to K 2nd	5. P to K 3rd	B to K 2nd
6. B to Q 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd	6. B to Q 3rd	P to Q Kt 3rd
7. Kt to B 3rd	B to Kt 2nd	7. Kt to B 3rd	B to Kt 2nd
8. Castles	Castles	8. Castles	Castles
9. Q to K 2nd	R to K 8th	9. Q to K 2nd	R to K 8th
10. Q R to Q sq	P takes P	10. Q R to Q sq	P takes P
11. B takes P	Kt to Q 4th	11. B takes P	Kt to Q 4th
12. B takes B	Q takes B	12. B takes B	Q takes B
13. P to K 4th		13. P to K 4th	
White here gets a fairly open game.		White (Mr. P.)	
14. Kt takes Kt	Kt takes Kt	14. Kt takes Kt	Kt takes Kt
15. P takes Kt	P to Q 4th	15. P takes Kt	P to Q 4th
16. Kt to Q 2nd	P takes P	16. Kt to Q 2nd	P takes P
17. P takes P	K R to B sq	17. P takes P	K R to B sq
18. P to K B 4th		18. P to K B 4th	
Establishing a strong centre.		Establishing a strong centre.	
19. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	19. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd
20. P to K 5th	Kt to Q 4th	20. P to K 5th	Kt to Q 4th
21. Kt to Q 4th	Q R to Q sq	21. Kt to Q 4th	Q R to Q sq
22. Kt (K 4) to K 5	B to Kt sq	22. Kt (K 4) to K 5	B to Kt sq
23. B takes Kt	B to B 3rd	23. B takes Kt	B to B 3rd
24. B to B 3rd	R to B 3rd	24. B to B 3rd	R to B 3rd
25. P to K 4th		25. P to K 4th	
Black has a difficult defence. His position is cramped, and B takes Kt gives no relief.		Black has a difficult defence. His position is cramped, and B takes Kt gives no relief.	
26. Kt to K 5th	K to B 2nd	26. Kt to K 5th	K to B 2nd
27. P to R 5th	Kt to B sq	27. P to R 5th	Kt to B sq
28. Kt to K 5th	K to B 2nd	28. Kt to K 5th	K to B 2nd
29. Kt takes B 3	B to Q 2nd	29. Kt takes B 3	B to Q 2nd
30. B to Q 2nd	Q to Q sq	30. B to Q 2nd	Q to Q sq
31. B to K 5th		31. B to K 5th	
Threatening B to R 4th, and leading up to a pretty finish. White's game is a model of accurate and stylish play.		Threatening B to R 4th, and leading up to a pretty finish. White's game is a model of accurate and stylish play.	
32. B to Kt 3rd	P to Kt 4th	32. B to Kt 3rd	P to Kt 4th
33. P takes P	R takes R (ch)	33. P takes P	R takes R (ch)
34. R takes R	P takes P	34. R takes R	P takes P
35. R takes Kt	Resigns	35. R takes Kt	Resigns

Another game in the Tournament played between Messrs. ATKINS and BROWN.

(Queen's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. A.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)	WHITE (Mr. A.)	BLACK (Mr. B.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	18. B to R 2nd	Kt to B 2nd
2. P to Q B 4th	P takes P	19. Kt to B 3rd	P takes K P
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	20. Kt takes P	Kt to Q 4th
4. P to K 3rd	B to Kt 5th	21. Q R to Q sq	K to R sq
5. B takes P	P to K 3rd	22. Kt (K 4) to K 5	B to Kt sq
6. Castles	B to Q 3rd	23. B takes Kt	B to B 3rd
7. P to K R 3rd	B to Q 4th	24. B to B 3rd	R to B 3rd
8. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to B 3rd	25. P to K 4th	B to K 5th
9. P to K 4th		26. Kt to K 5th	Q to B 2nd
Always a good move and usually a successful one.		Always a good move and usually a successful one.	
10. B to K 3rd	Q Kt to Q 2nd	27. P to R 5th	Kt to B sq
11. B to Q 3rd	Q to K 4th	28. Kt to K 5th	B to 3
12. B takes B	Q R to B sq	29. B takes B 3	B to B sq
13. P to K 4th	P takes B	30. B to Q 2nd	Q to Q sq
14. P to K B 4th		31. B to K 5th	
While this is as often a wasted one. Four moves later, the Queen is on her own square again, and has done nothing for her double journey.		While this is as often a wasted one. Four moves later, the Queen is on her own square again, and has done nothing for her double journey.	
15. P to Q R 3rd	Castles K R	32. B to Kt 3rd	P to Kt 4th
16. P to K Kt 4th	B to Kt 3rd	33. P takes P	P to K R 3rd
17. Q to K 2nd	Kt to K sq	34. R takes R	R takes R (ch)
18. Kt to Q 2nd	Q to Q sq	35. R takes Kt	Resigns
19. P to K B 4th	P to K B 4th		
20. B to B 4th	B to B 2nd		

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## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

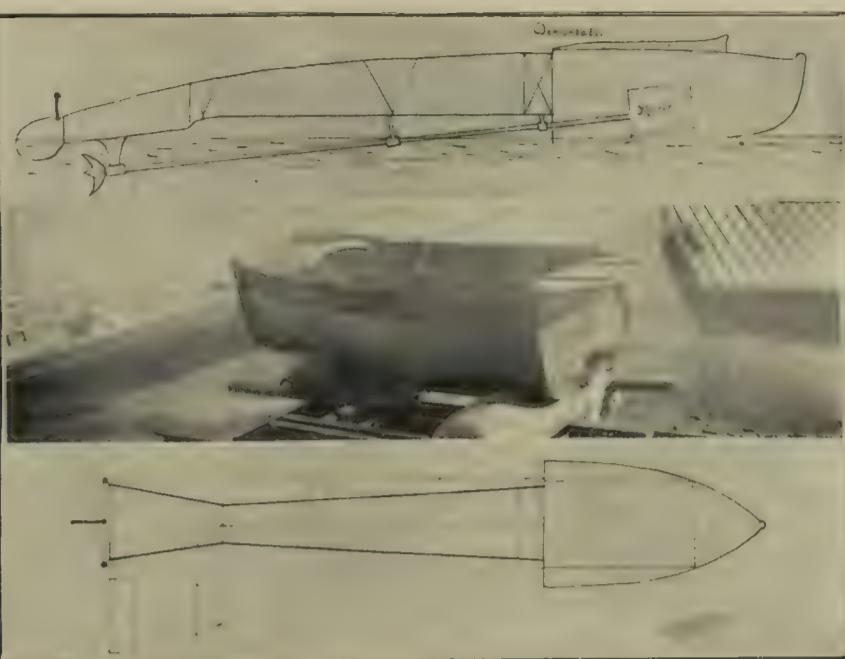
## OUR MONTHLY SURVEY.

THE "sea-serpent" has been making not a few appearances of late days, thus justifying the accepted idea that, along with the colossal gooseberry and the double-headed chicken, it comes on the scene to relieve the dulness of the "off" season in journalism. In one reported case, I observe the animal is said to have run up against a yacht, if, indeed, such is a proper mode of describing so interesting a conflict of interests. In the accounts of the appearances of the Great Unknown of the deep, the common idea of the animal seen (assuming the reports are not hoaxes) fixes its personality as that of a huge fish. I was deeply interested in the Illustration which was recently published in this Journal (July 28), in evidence of Dr. R. Bowdler Sharpe's view of the sea-serpent. The big animal viewed by him between Madeira and St. Thomas was regarded as a cetacean of some kind—that is, a member of the whale family circle. As the animal was photographed, it strikes me as closely resembling a giant squid, or cuttle-fish, swimming backwards. The body in the photograph is decidedly shaped like that of the squids, and the head and big eye correspond to those structures in these animals. The wash in front of the head suggests the long trailing arms of the squids, which, as the creatures swim tail first, give to the body a great increase of its apparent length. Best of all, we know that the squids attain an enormous size, body and arms measuring over sixty feet in length in big specimens. There are, therefore, less probable views of the sea-serpent's identity than that I have advocated for many years, namely, that in many cases (I do not say in all instances) the animals seen were really colossal members of the squid family, of whose existence there is not the shadow of a doubt.

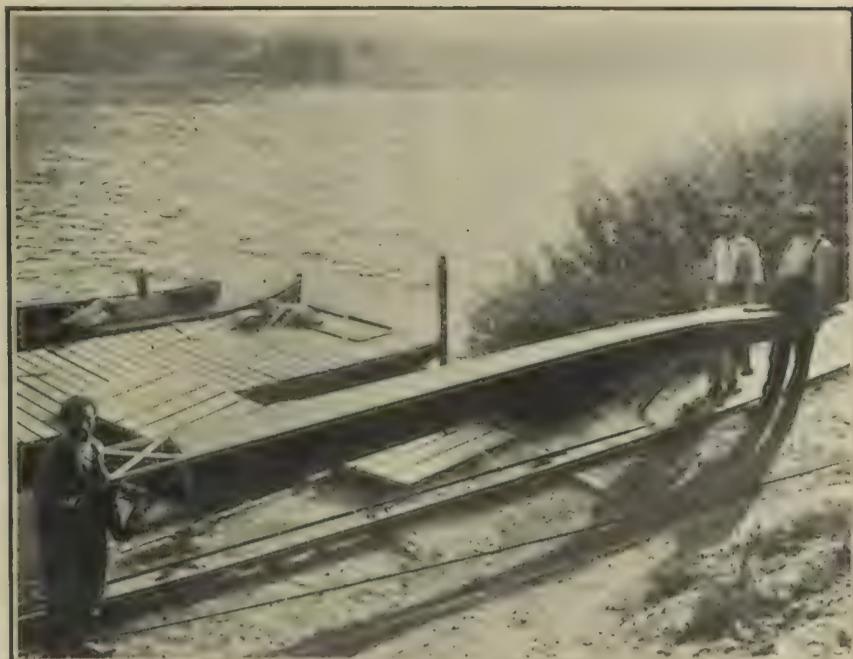
Commander Yonge, late of H.M.S. *Orientes*, published in this Journal, under date July 14, 1906, an interesting letter in which he described an incident occurring on March 20, 1873, when the ship was bound from Jamaica to Queenstown. A big animal was encountered, and one feature of the incident was the raising from the water of what Commander Yonge describes as "the head of an immense monster," looking "very much like an eel's head." Now this elevation of the "head" above the surface is a very common feature of sea

## MANY INVENTIONS, AND OTHER INTERESTING THEMES.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL, WELLSTED, AND DANNENBERG.



A.—LONGITUDINAL SECTION. B.—THE DETACHABLE FRONT PART. C.—A DECK PLAN.



THE AFTER-PART OF THE HYDROPLANE "ANTOINETTE."

## FIFTY MILES AN HOUR BY BOAT: THE HYDROPLANE "ANTOINETTE."

The hydroplane is composed of two detachable parts, a real boat forward and a tail-piece of oiled canvas mounted on a wooden framework. The engine is a Levasseur motor.



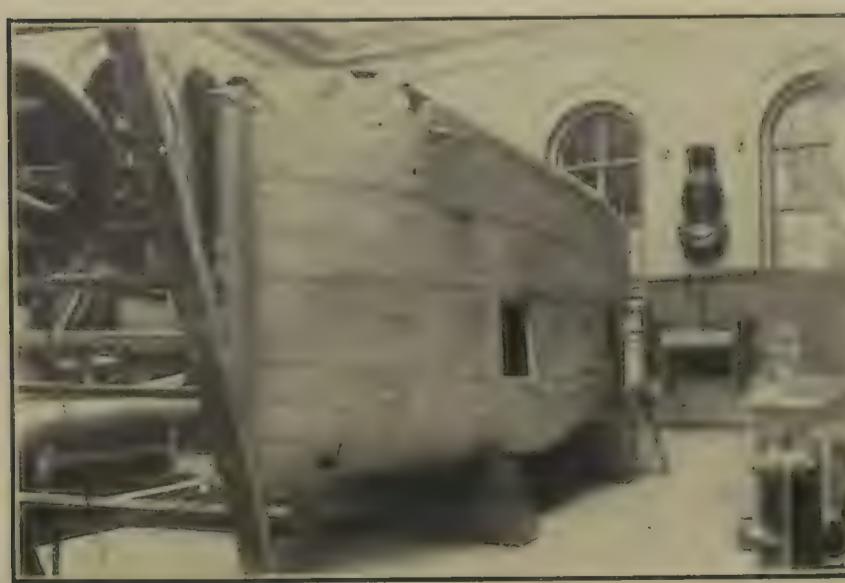
THE NORTH SEA OUTRAGE MEMORIAL AT HULL.

Hull has commemorated the sinking of her fishing-boats by the Russians with a fine memorial erected in the city. It takes the form of a statue of a fisherman standing with his hand upraised to heaven.



THE QUEEN'S DANISH HOME: HVIDORE, NEAR COPENHAGEN.

This year the Queen occupies for the first time her new Danish residence, Hvidøre, bought by her Majesty the Dowager-Empress of Russia for 300,000 crowns (£166,666). It lies six miles north of Copenhagen, and has a superb garden looking out upon the Sound.



THE FORE-PART OF THE VESSEL.



THE AFTER-PART OF THE VESSEL.

## THE FIRST GERMAN SUBMARINE: THE BAUER SUBMERSIBLE BUILT IN 1850.

This naval curiosity has been brought from Kiel to the Berlin Naval Museum. It was the work of Engineer Bauer, and was laid down by him at Kiel in 1850 at the workshop of Schneidel and Howald. It is 24 feet long, and is of 35 tons displacement. It was propelled by a screw driven by an engine in the centre of the ship. Above the screw is the rudder. The submersion was effected by letting water into the double body of the boat. The water was expelled by a pump. It sank in the attempt to blow up the Danish blockading ships, and lay at the bottom of the sea until 1887.

## A PICTORIAL MUSEUM OF THE QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HAMILTON AND BY TOPICAL PRESS.



THE VICTORIA JUBILEE BRIDGE AT MONTREAL.

The new structure over the St. Lawrence has replaced Stephenson's old Victoria tubular bridge, which can no longer accommodate the traffic. The new bridge is an open steel double-tracked structure, with carriage-ways and foot-walks on each side of the main trusses.



A RESULT OF THE GREAT HEAT: BRUSHWOOD FIRES AT FINCHLEY.

At Finchley Woods fires broke out during the heat-wave, and the fire brigade had very great difficulty in overcoming them. It was a curious and unusual sight to see the firemen trying to cope with such a fire. Furze and wood fires also occurred at Wimbledon and Eltham.



A BEACON WITHOUT A LAMP

One of the most curious beacons in the kingdom is the Arnish Point Light, off the coast of the Island of Lewis. It is a cone of cast-iron plates surmounted by a glass prism, which reflects the light of the lighthouse on the shore. The illusion is said to be perfect.



THE SECOND ENGLISH TRANSPORTER BRIDGE, AT NEWPORT.

The bridge, which is similar to those at Rouen, Bilbao, and Runcorn, is the second of its kind in this country. It is 170 feet high, and the span is 592 feet. The electric trolley-car holds 200 passengers and six vehicles.



A FOREST FIRE THAT COST THE LIVES OF SEVERAL SOLDIERS.



SOLDIERS FIGHTING THE FOREST FIRE NEAR TOULON.

Destructive forest fires have been raging at Monte Cannes, near Toulon. The flames spread very quickly, and at one point suddenly overwhelmed some soldiers who were acting as firemen. The men were burnt to death.

A FATAL FOREST FIRE IN FRANCE: THE OUTBREAK NEAR TOULON.

THE "WINTER'S TALE" REVIVED AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE:  
THE PIECE IN WHICH MISS ELLEN TERRY FIRST APPEARED.



1. PAULINA (MRS. TREE).

4. PERDITA (MISS VIOLA TREE).

3. LEONTES (MR. CHARLES WARNER).

2. HERMIONE (MISS ELLEN TERRY).

5. MAMILLIUS (MASTER PHILIP TONGE).

The appearance of Miss Ellen Terry in the "Winter's Tale" will remind playgoers that it was in that piece that she made her first appearance fifty years ago. She took the part of Mamillius, the little son of King Leontes of Sicilia, played in the present production by Master Tonge.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BURFORD.



TWO TROOPERS WITH THE QUEENSLAND PACK-SADDLE.



CAPTAIN ROGER POCOCK HOLDING THE LAST ROPE.



THE EASIEST PACK FOR THE HORSE: THE CANADIAN METHOD.

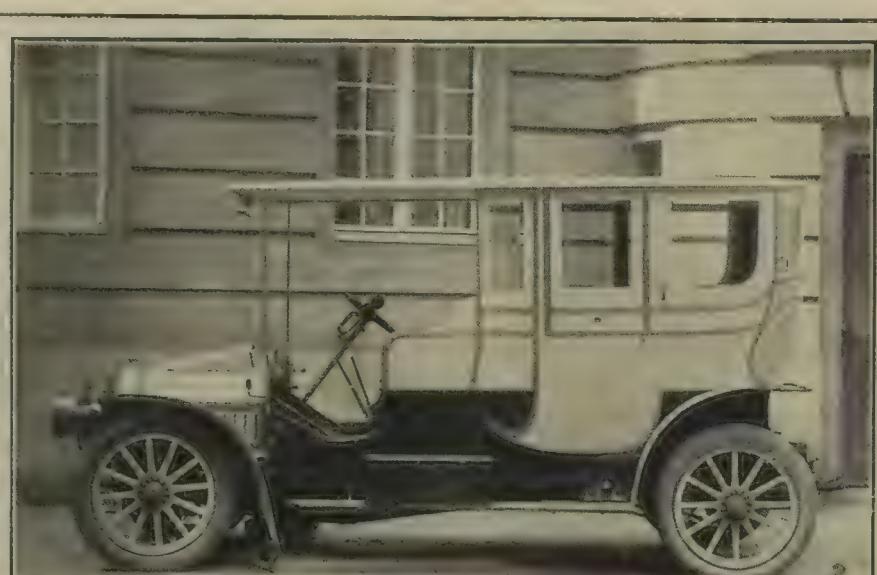
COWBOYS ON THE BRIGHTON ROAD: THE LEGION OF FRONTIERSMEN'S GREAT TEST-RIDE IN THE RECORD HEAT.

On September 1 two teams of three troopers each, from the Legion of Frontiersmen, left London for a test-ride to Brighton and back. Under the broiling sun, they made the march of fifty-four miles out in fifteen hours, and arrived in excellent condition. Note in the picture of the Queensland pack-saddle (tested with the Canadian) the breast-plate and crupper to prevent the pack from slipping. Across the packs is a surcingle to keep the bags in position. Captain Pocock is holding the last rope with its wooden hook used in making the diamond hitch. He has a saw-back pack-saddle of the Rocky Mountain pattern. In the centre is a sweat-pad, or blanket, by the side of which is the pack-cover, a great comfort in camping. Behind is the load of a hundredweight of grain.—[PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOPICAL PRESS.]

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TION OF  
CRUELTY  
TO  
ANIMALS  
FOLLOW-  
ING THE  
RIDERS.



THE SWIFTEST-ADJUSTED PACK: THE QUEENSLAND METHOD.



1. THE EMPRESS'S 45 HORSE-POWER MERCÉDES, "DÖBERITZ" (FOUR SEATS).

3. THE KAISER'S 40 HORSE-POWER BENZ CAR MOUNTED AS A LUGGAGE-CAR.

2. THE KAISER'S 24 HORSE-POWER LIMOUSINE.

4. FOR THE MANŒUVRES: THE KAISER'S 70 HORSE-POWER MERCÉDES, "IRMA."

AN IMPERIAL MOTORIST'S CARS: THE KAISER'S AUTOMOBILES.

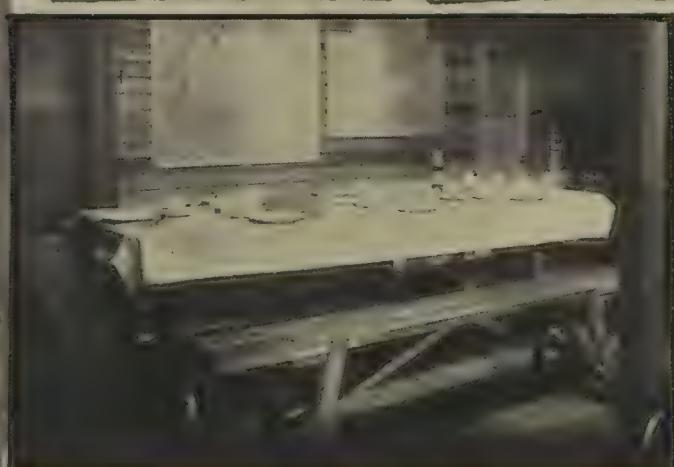
The Kaiser has become an enthusiastic motorist. His Imperial Majesty has seven first-class cars, and an eighth is now ordered. The five-seated car called "Irma" is for the manœuvres. The Empress's Mercédès known as "Doberitz" has a speed of about fifty to sixty miles an hour. The twenty-four horse power machine is a travelling-car. The speed of the luggage-car is about fifty to fifty-five miles per hour.

## A SCIENTIFIC VILLAGE IN THE ARCTIC: THE WELLMAN BASE.

PHOTOGRAPHS LENT BY THE WARWICK TRADING CO.

RELICS OF A FAILURE: REMAINDER OF  
ANDRÉE'S GAS APPARATUS.MR WELLMAN'S BASE OF OPERATIONS AT  
SPITZBERGEN.THE SLEEPING BUNKS  
OF THE WELLMAN EXPEDITION.

MR WELLMAN AND HIS FRIENDS AT SPITZBERGEN.

AFTER A STORM: MR WELLMAN'S  
HOUSE.THE DINING ROOM IN THE  
WELLMAN EXPEDITIONARY CAMP.THE KITCHEN IN THE  
WELLMAN EXPEDITIONARY CAMP.THE AIRSHIP FOR THE POLE:  
PREPARATIONS FOR WEIGHING THE VESSEL.POWER FOR THE POLAR TRIP:  
GASOLINE TANKS FOR MOTOR SLEDGE & AIRSHIP.THE NEW DASH FOR THE POLE FROM THE LUCKLESS ANDRÉE'S STARTING-POINT: MR. WELLMAN'S PREPARATIONS  
AT SPITZBERGEN.

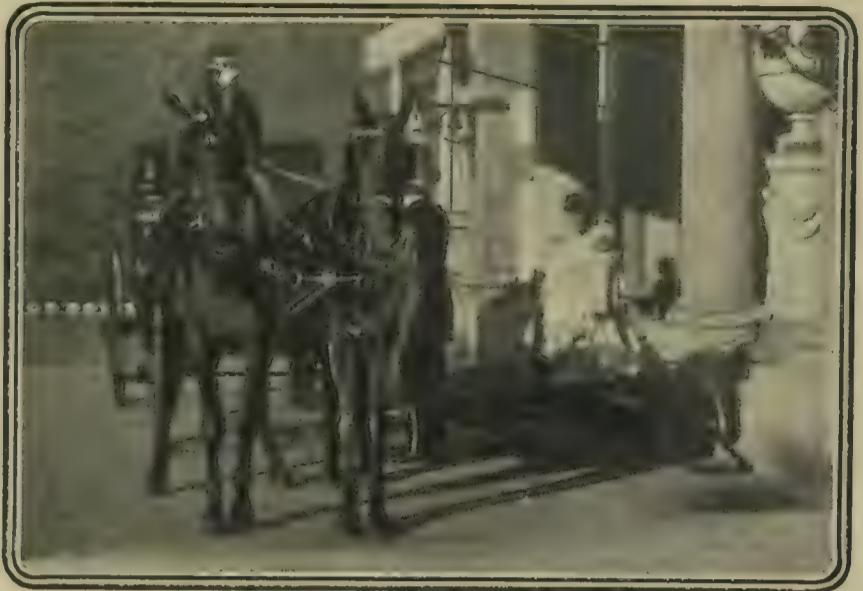
Although it was reported that Mr. Wellman had given up the attempt for this year, he hoped, if the weather permitted, to start this week. The completion of the balloon-house has been greatly delayed on account of the magnitude of the work. The explorers are now remedying many minor defects which were discovered in the mechanism of the air-ship. The motors work well, and the balloon part of the flying-machine is in good condition. Even if there is no start this year the extensive establishment at Spitzbergen will provide a magnificent base for next year's operations.

## EVENTS OF LAST WEEK IN NORWAY, GERMANY, AND FRANCE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WORM PETERSEN, TOPICAL PRESS, AND UNIVERSAL PHOTO.



THE CROWN PRINCE AND PRINCESS LEAVING THE PALACE.



THE INFANT LEAVING THE PALACE AFTER HIS BAPTISM.

## THE BAPTISM OF THE YOUNGEST HOHENZOLLERN: THE CHRISTENING OF THE CROWN PRINCE'S SON.

At the new palace at Potsdam on August 29, the Kaiser's grandson was christened. The ceremony was performed in the Tressen Hall in the presence of the Emperor and the high officials of state. The Prince was carried by the Grand Mistress of the Crown Princess's Court, Baroness Tiele Winckler, to the door of the hall, and to the altar by his aunt, Princess Louise Victoria of Prussia. While Dr. Dryander performed the ceremony the Prince was held by the Express. He received the names Wilhelm Friedrich Franz Josef Christian Olaf.



Victoria and Albert.

## THE KING OF THE SEA-KINGS VISITS THE BRITISH SQUADRON AT CHRISTIANIA.

On August 27 King Haakon and Queen Maud visited the British cruiser "Euryalus," the flag-ship of our squadron visiting Christiania. His Majesty, as a British Admiral, hoisted his flag, and was saluted by the guns of the fleet. The King inspected the ships, and their Majesties afterwards lunched with Admiral Sir H. Day Bosanquet.



THE SACK TRANSFORMED INTO AN IMPENETRABLE COAT.



THE SACK EXTENDED TO ITS FULL LENGTH TO SHELTER TWO MEN.



THE PORTABLE PONCHO PACKED UP FOR MARCHING.



THE FONCHO SACK-OVERCOAT SEEN FROM THE BACK.

## PONCHO: THE NEW FRENCH MILITARY COAT FOR CAMPAIGNING.

An extremely ingenious and simple sack-coat like the South American "poncho" has been tried by the French army. It is a double piece of oblong cloth with a hole in the centre, and can be adapted in many ways. It packs into very small compass, and can be easily strapped upon the knapsack.

## ARTISTIC HOMES FOR EVERYBODY.

WARING'S have set a new fashion—the fashion of artistic furnishing. A quarter of a century ago there was the so-called *Aesthetic* movement, in which the vague aspirations of the artistic mind found a more or less decorative expression in a more or less fantastic and futile way. But the present movement is the direct outcome of the principles of good design and harmonious colouring, of which Waring's, in conjunction with Gillow's, have been the steadfast exponents during many years. Suddenly the seed thus sown has sprung up into a gigantic tree laden with ripe fruit. The opening of Waring's New Galleries in Oxford Street established the fact that there were at least half a million people in London interested in the question of an artistic home. Ten years ago such a thing would have been impossible. Now, thanks to Waring's persistent educational influence on popular taste, everyone is anxious to have a home characterised by artistic distinction and refinement. The creation of this popular demand is the work of one firm, and one firm only. Others may have followed in the wake, but they have had nothing to do with the movement any more than the fly has to do with the revolution of the wheel. Waring's stand out, not only pre-eminent, but *alone* in this respect. What is more, they have made artistic furnishing not only

popular but simple. They have not merely persuaded people that it ought to be done, but they have shown

every department. It is relatively as much in evidence in the dainty glass, in the assortment of pretty fancy goods, in the beautiful china, even in the ordinary kitchen utensils, as it is in the magnificent inlaid satinwood suite or the finely-fashioned French commode. Furthermore, Waring's have made decorative art inexpensive. They have not only put the artistic spirit into everything they sell in their vast storehouse, but they have shown the public that good form and proportion and beautiful colouring are not the exclusive privilege of the rich; that the city clerk in his suburban house may have artistic rooms at no higher cost than he would pay for the ugliness and banality of ordinary cheap furniture. This is a revolution. It means that the home of the future will, not only in the case of the wealthy, but equally in the case of persons of limited means, be characterised by comfort and good taste. No one need lack guidance in this matter, for people have only to put themselves in the hands of Waring's, stating the amount

they are prepared to spend, and the styles they prefer, and the rest will be done for them. "Art in the Home" is now within everybody's reach, and the A B C of the question is written in big letters by the great Oxford Street firm, whose ramifications extend all over the civilised world.



MORNING ROOM AT WARING'S.

them how to do it. A visit to their Model Houses and Specimen Rooms is a revelation as to treatments and their cost. The whole place teems with practical suggestions and interesting object lessons. Nor is it in the completely furnished room alone that the artistic spirit prevails. It throws its influence over



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TOURING CARS  
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London Office—199, Borough High Street, S.E.

## LADIES' PAGES.

IT comes with something like a shock of surprise to hear that Madame Melba has a son old enough to be engaged to be married. He is, of course, named Armstrong. The great singer made her first appearance on the concert-platform as "Mrs. Armstrong"; but even the exquisite beauty of her voice could not overcome the English prejudice against native talent, and so she followed the precedent set by Madame Albani, and adopted the name of the town in which she was born, slightly altered, for her own foreign-sounding *nom-de-guerre*. Madame Melba must have made an enormous fortune. She has a fascinating personality, and is socially popular, and this added to certainly the most exquisite of living voices has enabled her to command her own terms. However, the bride is the daughter of wealthy parents also.

Considering how very few are the men of privileged birth who have ever thought of abandoning their fortunate position on grounds of principle, it is a little remarkable that some circumstance has brought to mind within the last week or two nearly every recent instance of this peculiarity; some circumstance has reminded the world of four young men of great station who all regarded their rank as a chain or an injustice, and took steps as far as was in their power to discard their position. Lord Haddo's marriage and the King's visit to his niece's German home brought back two instances, and now, immediately after, one is reminded of the essentially similar cases of the brother of the Lord Lovelace just deceased (his predecessor in the title, Byron's only daughter's eldest son) and of "Johann Orth," the Austrian Archduke who ran away from a Court to become a sailor. A book has just appeared in French relating to the last-named, and declaring that he is still living, in the Argentine Republic. The author asserts that he had communication with the lost Archduke so recently as 1903. Lord Haddo's uncle, who would now be Earl of Aberdeen if living, also left his family and friends and went off secretly to be a sailor. When inquiries were instituted, it was clearly proved that under the name of George Osborne he had gone on several voyages and then taken a master mariner's certificate in New York; and finally, there is every reason to believe that he embarked as mate on a small vessel that went down with all hands. Byron's grandson's "peculiarities," as his family considered them, were less widely known, but they existed: he left his income untouched, disappeared from his friends, and earned his daily bread.

It seems generally to be a mistake for an individual to abandon the duties and neglect the opportunities that his birth has allotted to



A USEFUL TRAVELLING-COAT.

Built of Havana brown cloth, this garment is finished with vest, collar, and cuffs of chocolate-brown cloth overlaid with guipure Irish lace; the buttons are covered with the darker cloth.

him. In a case personally known to me of a rich man's son taking "this maggot in his head," the consequences were as disastrous as those that overtook the late young Lord Aberdeen: painful illness, contracted in the course of his living like a workman after being brought up in luxury, carried him off at an early age. Possibly to each of us is assigned our task, and it is our business not to throw it over because we do not see the why and wherefore of it, but rather to do our duty in the state of life unto which it shall please God to call us. (By the way, how often this passage from the Catechism is misquoted and made to express a disapproval of ambition and effort to improve by being cited as "to which it hath" instead of "shall," this last implying the possibility of improvement and change, not an iron caste-limitation by birth!) Such an idea is a comfort to many women; their lives seem so narrow, so useless, so different from what they would have them; but it is wiser to do one's utmost in the circumstances and trust that it is most useful, rather than to rush willy-nilly away from obvious duties to those that seem more important. Our view is so limited, we see so little of the result of our actions, that we cannot correctly determine what part in weaving the great pattern of humanity's progress our small and insignificant thread of life may be playing; and, distressing as it undoubtedly is for one conscious of great talents and wide possibilities to spend life on petty tasks, yet if this is inevitable, there is always the thought that, could we see the whole, we might realise why we are wanted just there and not elsewhere. In the great pattern there must be a preponderance of plain neutral tints, as worthy and as useful as the brilliant strands.

This acceptance of one's petty task with a cheerful resignation, nevertheless, does not exclude the right to try for a wider and more obviously useful post in the army of life. One may still watch for and enter at every opened door. If a Florence Nightingale's extraordinary organising abilities were not allowed to serve the world as a statesman, she could at least prepare herself to be a repairer of less able persons' errors instead of wasting her days in mere frivolity. Nor does acceptance in a willing spirit of the lesser task forbid knocking at doors that may then open to admit to wider work. In the same way, the young men of rank who have refused their position should probably have kept it and used the power that it gave them for good. The late Earl of Shaftesbury, for instance—how great was the permanent benefit that his career conferred on the people! He sacrificed his own fortune in the process; once at least he was in such pecuniary difficulties that his affairs would have been publicly known had not his mother-in-law and her second husband, Lord and Lady Palmerston, come to the rescue. Lord Shaftesbury, too, objected to spending his income on his own aggrandisement, and when he was made K.G. he was only induced to accept the honour by being told that the heavy fees were remitted for him by the Queen, while in reality Lord Palmerston had paid the amount out of his own pocket privately. But who can

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Which Child is the Youngest, which the Eldest. Can you place them in the order of their relative ages?

(These Photographs have NOT been taken specially for the scheme)

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doubt that Lord Shaftesbury, using all that he had for the noblest purposes, and successfully so, was a better servant of humanity than those other men of equal opportunity who ran away from their posts? All this by way of consolation to that large number of women who feel life being frittered away unworthily! The post allotted to you is the one you should faithfully fill.

Certainly when a woman has elected to become the mother of a family, her first duty is to the family. It is to the credit of women that this has been realised in practice by the most illustrious of their sex. Another death of the past week, that of the Duc de Broglie, great-grandson of Madame de Staél, reminds us that his distinguished ancestress made herself adored by her children. Her only daughter, the Duchesse de Broglie, had a perfect cult for her mother's memory, preserved intact her apartments and cherished every relic of her tenderly. The respect and affection of Madame de Staél's children even survived the shock of her re-marriage with a young man of her son's own age, and they accepted the little son of that union as their brother, and cared for him as such after her death. Elizabeth Fry is another striking instance of the door being opened to a wider field when the quiet plot of domestic life had long been faithfully tilled. She was the mother of a large family, and again and again in her diary she wrote down her regret that her domestic affairs took up all her time and strength, and left her none for wider work; but her family duty was never set aside, and in due time her prison-reform career opened. Of Mrs. Beecher Stowe the same is true: her home life was a wearing cruel strain—from too many children and too small an income—yet she wrote the inspired book that did so much to abolish slavery after she had accomplished all that was needful for husband and children. Dickens could possibly have found (as "it takes all sorts to make up the world") a living model of "Mrs. Jellyby," but certainly he did not do so amongst his really distinguished contemporaries.

An unusual business for a woman to succeed in is that of an iron-worker, but, thanks partly to the gracious patronage of the King and Queen, complete success has attended the enterprise in this direction of Mrs. Ames Lyde. Her extensive iron-works are established in Norfolk, at no great distance from Sandringham, and the graceful productions of her workers have several times received royal patronage. At the present time, Mrs. Ames Lyde's workmen are engaged on a pair of tall and massive but elegant gates to close the end of the pergola in the gardens at Sandringham. These are to replace another pair of gates which also were produced at the same foundry, and which are to be removed to another portion of the gardens at the "House built by Albert Edward Prince of Wales and Alexandra his wife," as Sandringham is described on its own frontage.

It is beyond human imagination how certain forms, certain materials, or certain colours are brought into vogue, but the gregarious tendency of humanity, that social instinct that makes us follow one another as a flock of sheep pursue an aimless course after their leader with a resolute decision



A TAILOR-MADE FOR EARLY AUTUMN.

Check tweed is the material used in making this practical gown, with military braid in lines as trimming on the skirt and cape-like bolero. Narrow braid trims the vest, and there is a folded silk belt.

worthy of personal choice, influences costume more completely than it does any other sort of affairs. Thus it is that suddenly clusters of grapes are the main idea in decoration. They hang on the autumn hats, they are embroidered in gold or in silver on lace foundations for yokes and for vests, and they are applied in chiffon or in woven linen trimmings to evening gowns and demi-toilettes. It is a mere whim, but it is one of those details that to the watchful eye tells of a modiste thoroughly "in the know." Autumn felt hats are frequently trimmed with grapes in three shades—green, deep purplish-black, and lighter purple—the felts themselves being of the soft, crumpled variety; or one colour alone is used in the fruit, and it is accompanied by plumes of many hues—those strange, nondescript invented shapes and wild colours that our new "made" feathers reveal. These quaint new plumes are mostly made of the tail-feathers of the lord of the barnyard, and their floating strangeness is a concession to the persistent outcry against the osprey and Paradise natural plumage being employed. For my part, I cannot see why the barndoors fowl should not be equally an object of sympathy with a pretty foreign bird; but so it is—scathing criticism will descend on the head that is adorned with a natural plume, but a wildly tossing particoloured "mount" that no bird would own, although its origin was equally on a bird's back, will escape censure.

It is a pity that so many of these now composite feathers are so very crude in tint. The felt hats, on the contrary, are placed before us, for the most part, in excellent and refined shades. Champagne-coloured felts are particularly fashionable; then there are soft rose-pinks, zin-whites, delicate heliotropes, and "Eminence" purples, all of which are good colours, and look well merely trimmed with ribbon, or stately when adorned with ostrich-feathers, while for medium wear roses and dahlias as well as the grapes above mentioned are employed. The notion that flowers to put on a hat should be chosen with reference to those actually in season seems to be abandoned altogether at present, and roses are much in favour on felt shapes. For best hats, however, ostrich-feathers will be the almost indispensable decoration; feathers large, full, and long enough to fall well off the hat, over the left ear or down upon the back hair, or to stand out above the chapeau, projecting beyond it at one or both sides will be worn by every woman who can procure these costly luxuries. They are expensive, naturally, in the length and fullness indicated, and besides the first cost they are not economical wear, as they soon get untidy in a damp climate, and demand redressing at frequent intervals. Nevertheless—or rather because—of this feature, they are liked by women to whom cost is no object, and certainly nothing can equal for becoming tendency and grace of outline beautiful ostrich-feathers. White feathers are used on light felts, or again, the exact dye of the felt is repeated in the fronds of the feather, while an all-black picture-hat with one or more great plumes has a style all its own and very distinguished.

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## MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

IT is exceedingly difficult to express music in terms of literature, for the basis of most music is psychological rather than physical, the laws that govern music are liable to be altered by great composers, and our reception of any great work is founded upon the stage of our mental development. If we are emotional by temperament we shall find pleasure in work that grieves the hearer who has subordinated emotion to intellect; if we be in love with technique and can rejoice with the man who controls harmony and counterpoint as a pilot controls the vessel entrusted to his charge, we may be likely to take delight in barren works that perplex and annoy the simple listener. To strike the happy mean, to take pleasure in work that unites melodic inspiration with beauty of form may seem a simple matter indeed, but it demands a measure of taste and judgment rarely found in combination. Again, music has more voices than literature, and the blood that runs in a man's veins determines his choice of the voice that shall satisfy his ears. An Italian who loves his Donizetti, his Verdi, and his Puccini could hardly sit through a performance of the "Sinfonia Domestica"; a German lover of "The Ring" might well find a foretaste of purgatory in a performance of "Traviata" or "La Sonnambula." "In Music," said Schumann, "nothing that sounds right can be wrong," and this generous statement does no more than scamp a difficulty, for musicians are by no means agreed as to what sounds right.

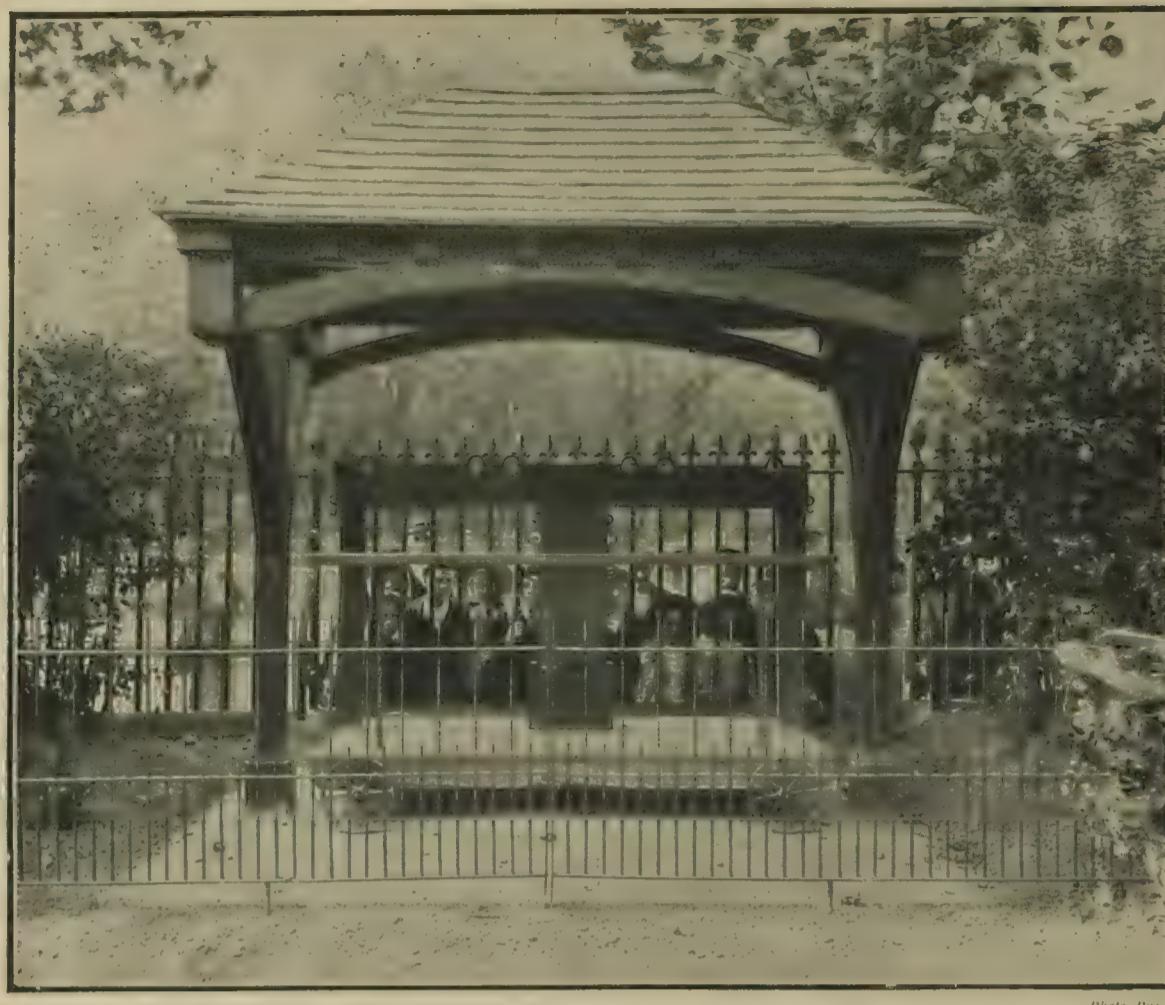
In his book, "Music and Musicians," published by John Lane, Mr. E. A. Baughan, the gifted critic of the *Daily News*, has collected a number of essays

at his true value. Above all he applies his critical faculty to the works of acknowledged masters, and appraises each great composition justly. His appreciation of Elgar seems singularly sound and just, while his analysis of Strauss is masterly. At the same time Mr. Baughan's book, despite its merits and the crowning quality of being eminently readable, shows how difficult it is to write about music at all. Much that the critic says now he would not have said ten years ago, and in all probability will not say ten years hence. Judgment is ever maturing, taste constantly changing, and all the outside circumstances of life with which music has nothing to do colour our attitude towards it.

Mr. C. A. G. Browne wishes to state that he is not responsible for the statements made in the article appearing in our issue of Sept. 1.

The management of the Savoy may be judged fortunate in the new scheme of decoration they have adopted for their restaurant. Nothing could be more refreshing in the hot weather than white walls and the mirrors that have replaced the old dark setting in which so many fashionable dinners and suppers have been enjoyed. The scheme has a further advantage in

that it gives to the main salon a greater sense of space than it had when its conjunction with the fine lofty foyer somewhat dwarfed it. The alteration, moreover, is not to the eye alone, for the opportunity has been taken to raise the ceiling. The policy of the directors of the Savoy has always been progressive. Not very long ago they spent a million on alterations; that they should have thought fit to make still further changes says much for their energy and their desire to please their clients. Certainly the result justifies the move.



HACKNEY'S DISCOVERY: AN ANCIENT WHIPPING-POST.

An ancient whipping-post was discovered in the tower of St. John's Church, Hackney. It is now set up under cover in the public ground adjoining Hackney Parish Church.

contributed to newspapers and magazines, and has given them a permanent form. Considered as a whole, the essays show good taste and sound judgment, and are informed by a patient pursuit of the truth. Moreover, Mr. Baughan never fails to interest, even where he does not succeed in convincing, for he wields a fluent pen and has the courage of his opinions. He is essentially an optimist; his ideal musician is the man whose message to the world is as stirring and hopeful as Browning's poetry; he is free from prejudice, though he does not rate Gounod

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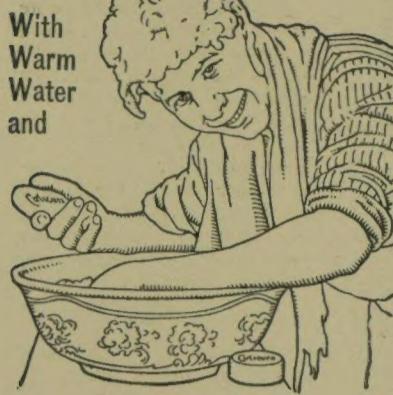
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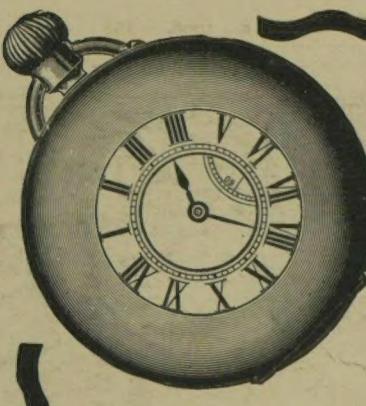
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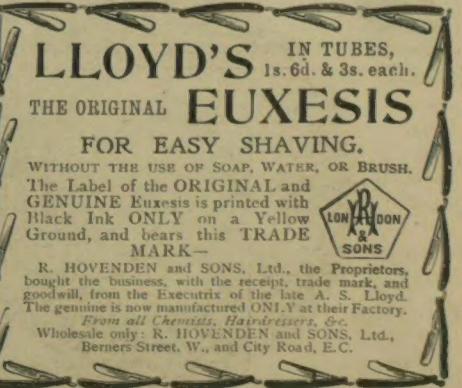


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## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

THE Bishop of London is resting in a country house near Lough Swilly. In former years he has usually spent much of his vacation in Scotland, but in this distant part of Ireland he is perhaps rather more out of the way of correspondents.

The memorial to Dean Hole in Rochester Cathedral will be unveiled on Sept. 29. It takes the form of a recumbent figure of the late Dean in marble, the work of Mr. F. W. Pomeroy, A.R.A. The figure rests upon an altar tomb designed by Mr. C. Hodgson Fowler, the cathedral architect. The memorial is being set up at the southern extremity of the south transept, close to the Lady Chapel.

Bishop Welldon has been in town during recent weeks and has been working at the British Museum. He will take part in an important missionary meeting, to be held in the Lord Mayor's Parlour, Manchester, on Oct. 2, at which the Bishop of Madras will speak on Church work in India.

The Bishop of Southwark has arranged to hold a week of prayer and preaching in the Deanery of Reigate in the autumn. He will be assisted by the Bishop of

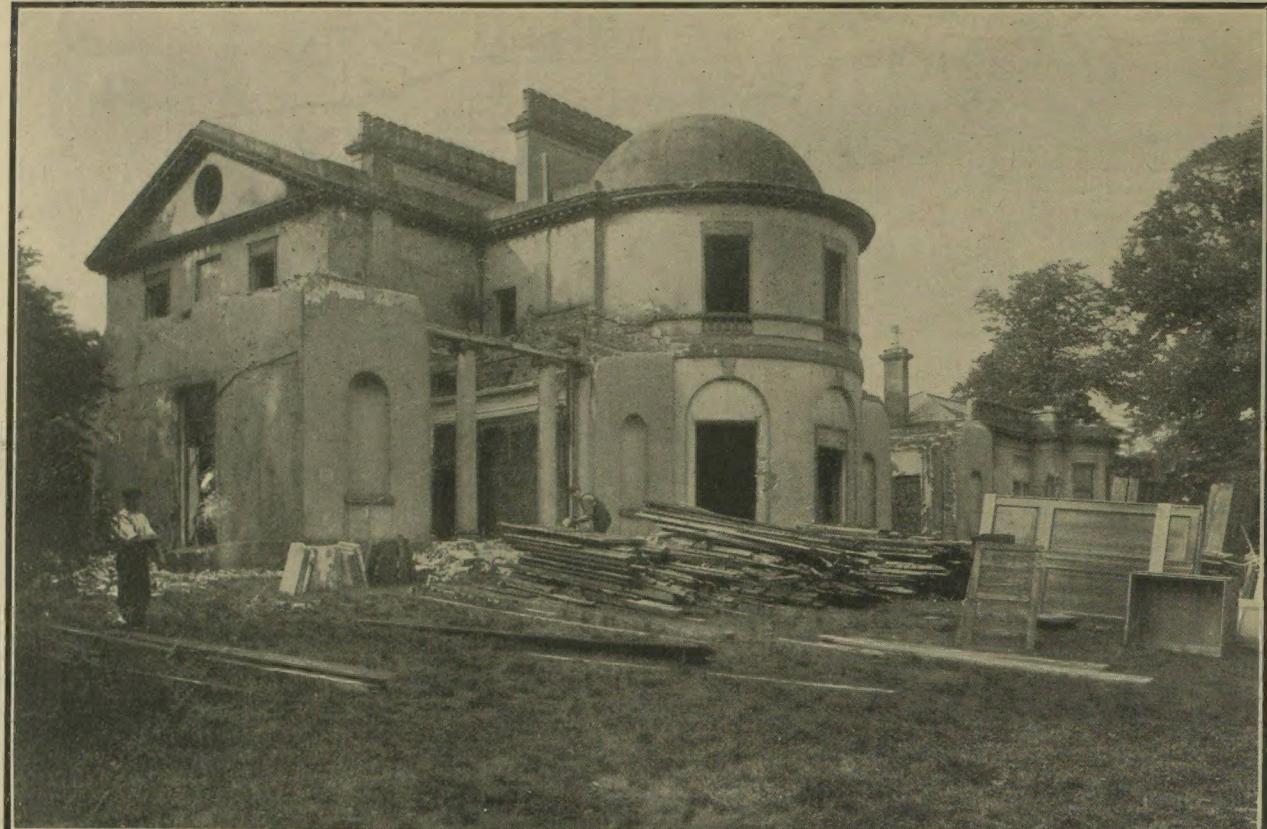


Photo. Fisher.

## A VANISHING RELIC OF RUSKIN: THE AUTHOR'S OLD HOME AT HERNE HILL.

Ruskin's early home at Herne Hill is not to be saved by its pious associations. It is already in the hands of the housebreaker, and very soon South London will have lost another of her literary souvenirs.

Kingston and by a large staff, each of whom will visit one parish. Eighteen parishes in all will be included.

Dr. Parry, the Bishop of Guiana, who is spending September and October in England, is a grandson of Sir Edward Parry, the Arctic explorer. He was

his brother has been constantly receiving letters addressed to the late officer. Colonel Furse died at Yokohama on April 3. He went to Japan to study military methods with a view to making suggestions for the improvement of our own Army.

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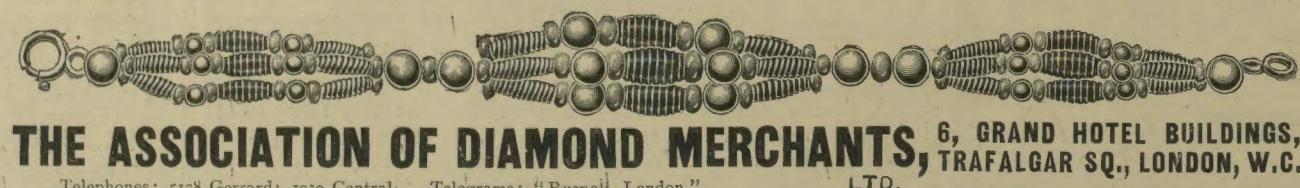
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educated at Winchester and Oriel College, Oxford, and his knowledge of boating acquired there has often proved useful in his journeys on the rivers of Demerara.

The Auckland correspondent of the *Guardian* says that the Anglican authorities are considering the question of a cathedral church for Wellington. A site for the building was acquired some years ago at a cost of £7000, and about £1370 has been raised for the building fund. V.

In our recent announcement of Signor Marconi's association with the Columbia Phonograph Company as chief consulting physicist, the company's sound-magnifying graphophone was unfortunately referred to as the "gramophone." The difference is very important.

The death of Colonel G. A. Furse, C.B., who was buried last week in the military cemetery at Aldershot, does not seem to have been very widely known, as his brother has been constantly receiving letters addressed to the late officer. Colonel Furse died at Yokohama on April 3. He went to Japan to study military methods with a view to making suggestions for the improvement of our own Army.

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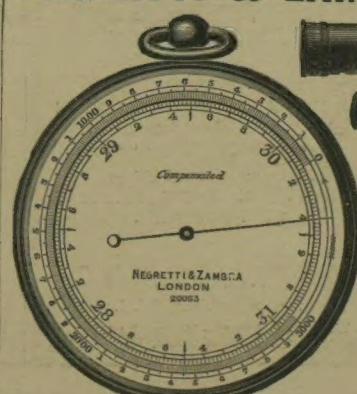
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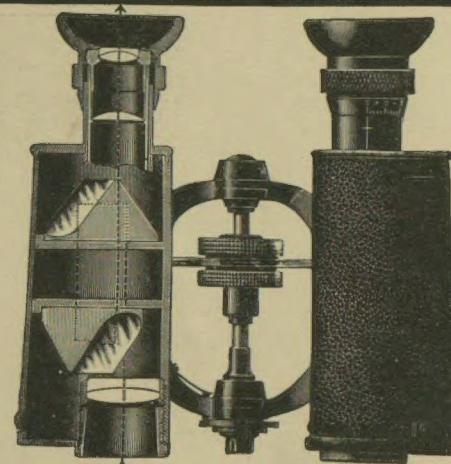
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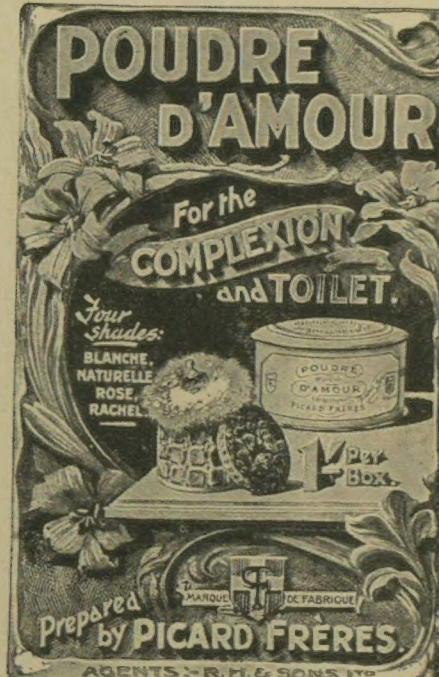
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

THE will (dated June 2, 1905) of MR. WILLIAM TALBOT AGAR, of Milford House, Milford-on-Sea, Hants, who died on June 12, was proved on Aug. 22 by William Talbot Agar and Edward Larpen Agar, the sons, the value of the real and personal property amounting to £184,679. The testator confirms the settlement made in favour of his wife on her marriage, and gives to her £200; to his executors £50 each; and to his daughter Emily Cecily Carey £1120, to equalise advances made to other of his children. All other his property he leaves in trust for his five children, William Talbot Agar, Edward Larpen Agar, Madeline Louisa Walker, Georgina Constance Kirwan, and Emily Cecily Carey.

The will (dated Dec. 24, 1904) of MR. CHARLES HENRY LANE, of Middleton, Westmeston, Sussex, who died on July 6, has been proved by Frederick Cranford Goodenough, Charles Augustus Woolley, and Athelstan Arthur Baines, the value of the estate being £108,394. The testator gives the advowson and perpetual right of presentation to the living of Streat, to William Reginald FitzHugh; £3075 to his wife, Mrs. Katharine Lane; an annuity of £140 to his half-sister, Jane Rachel Henslow; £100 per annum during the life of his wife to John L. B. Henslow; and legacies to executors and servants. His manors, lands, and premises he leaves to his wife for life, and then to William Reginald FitzHugh. The residue of his personal property is to be held, in trust, to pay the income thereof to his wife for life, and subject thereto he gives £10,000 to John L. B. Henslow; £1000 to Cecilia Jane FitzHugh; and the ultimate residue to William Reginald FitzHugh.

The will (dated Nov. 18, 1898) of MR. EDWARD CHARLES HEALEY, of Wyphurst, Cranley, Surrey, and 86, St. James's Street, who died on July 22, was proved on Aug. 22 by Charles Edward Healey Chadwyck Healey, K.C., the son, and Gerald Edward Chadwyck Healey, the grandson, the value of the property amounting to £422,906. The testator gives £2000 a year, all the household and personal effects, and the use for life of the Wyphurst and Fowler estates, to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Healey; £60,000, in trust, for his grandson James Healey Ashurst Stansfeld; £3000 to his son-in-law Joseph James Stansfeld; £1000 to the children of his niece Adela Gertrude Sing; £500 each to the two daughters of Elizabeth Hunter Capper; £1000 each to his nephews and nieces Emily Miles Armstrong, George Frederick Healey, Randolph Eddowes Healey, Alfred Healey, Emma Louisa Loud, Florence Healey, and Mildred Macan; £200 to the Rector of Cranley for the poor; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves to his son. The testator states he had been in the habit of spending one-tenth of his income in charities and gifts.

The Scotch confirmation of the trust disposition and settlement of SIR JAMES THOMPSON, of 5, Devonshire Gardens, Glasgow, chairman of the Caledonian Railway Company, who died on June 8, granted to Dame Christina Robertson Thompson, the widow, James Black Macindoe, Charles Gairdner, Robert Michael Donaldson, and David Johnston, has just been resealed in London, the value of the personal estate being £136,832 os. 3d.

The will (dated June 2, 1906) of MR. WALTER REGINALD RUDGE, of Steele Court, Harrietsham, Kent,

who died on June 5, has been proved by his widow, Mrs. Louisa Emily Rudge, and Godfrey Charles Somerville McAlester, the value of the estate being sworn at £64,998. Subject to a legacy of £5000 to his daughter, Mabel Felizarda July, he leaves everything he shall die possessed of to his wife.

The will (dated Oct. 24, 1900), with a codicil (of Feb. 6, 1906), of MR. EDWARD SABINE BARING-GOULD, of Box Grove House, Guildford, who died on June 3, has been proved by Francis Baring-Gould, the brother, and Miss Sophia Harriet Baring-Gould, the sister, the value of the property amounting to £96,072. The testator gives £10,000 to his niece Edith Sabine Baring-Gould; £10,000, in trust, for his brother Arthur Baring-Gould, and the residue of his property to his sisters Sophia Harriet and Eleanor Elizabeth Baring-Gould.

The will (dated March 12, 1900) with three codicils, of MR. WILLIAM PHELPS, of Chestal, Dursley, Gloucester, who died on May 31, has been proved by Arthur Wellington Massey, Henry Francis Clifford, the nephew, Thomas Trewern Vizard, and Reginald Herbert Penley, the value of the real and personal estate being £83,754. The testator gives a conditional £150 per annum to his son Rollo Walter; £200 per annum to his daughter, Mrs. Alice Gertrude Clifford McDonnell, during the life of her mother, and afterwards £250 a year; £100 each to his executors; and legacies to servants. The mansion house at Chestal and the residue of his property he settles on his son Arthur William. Subject to the interest of his wife, he appoints £5000, part of the funds of his marriage settlement, in favour of his son Rollo Walter, and the remainder thereof to his son Arthur William.



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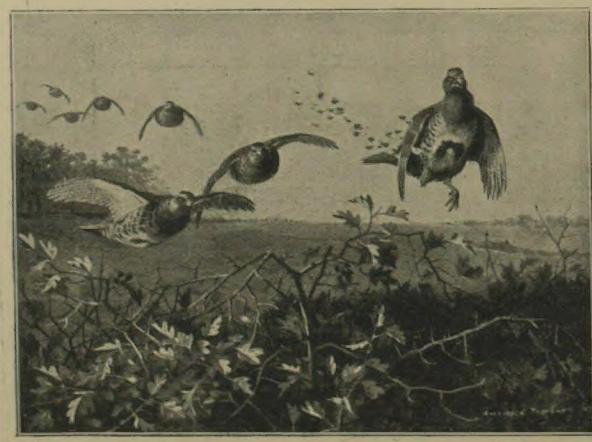
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